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*THE HAMNET SHAKSPERE: PART X.*

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THE  
**MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR:**  
ACCORDING TO THE FIRST FOLIO  
(SPELLING MODERNISED).

WITH LISTS OF SUCH OF THE

**EMPHASIS-CAPITALS OF SHAKSPERE**

THIS PLAY, AS WERE OMITTED BY EACH OF THE SECOND, THIRD, AND FOURTH  
FOLIOS; AND OF NEW EMPHASIS-CAPITALS SHEWN BY IT IN EACH OF THESE.

ALSO

INTRODUCTION,

INCLUDING REMARKS ON THE RUNNING-TITLES AND PAGING OF THE FIRST FOLIO.

BY

ALLAN PARK PATON.

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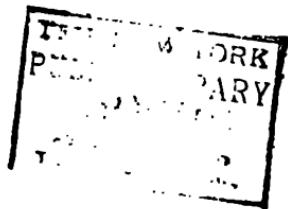
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GREENOCK: WILLIAM HUTCHISON.

MDCCXCVI.

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PRICE THREE SHILLINGS.



( *grammet filmt William S. Hartpese* )

ANNE  
LUCIA  
ANGELA

(*Hammett sends William G. Shakespeare*)

HOME COTTAGE, ROSENEATH STREET :  
GREENOCK.

With all my best Patsy's Compliments,



# THE HAMNET SHAKSPERE.

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*The following Parts have now been published:—*

- I. **The Tragedy of Macbeth:** With Remarks on Shakspere's use of Capital Letters in his Manuscript. And a few Notes.
- II. **The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark:** With further Remarks on the Emphasis-Capitals of Shakspere.
- III. **The Tragedy of Cymbeline:** With Lists of such of the Emphasis-Capitals of Shakspere in this Play as were omitted by each of the Second, Third, and Fourth Folios; and of New Emphasis-Capitals shewn by it in each of them. Also a few Remarks on the consideration due to such Emphasis-Capitals as may be found in obscure passages.
- IV. **The Life of Timon of Athens:** With Tables shewing the Number of Emphasis-Capitals Lost and Gained by each of Shakspere's Plays, under each of the Second, Third, and Fourth Folios. And a few Interim Remarks upon the Facts these Tables present, and the Questions they suggest.
- V. **The Winter's Tale:** With Introduction and Relative Lists.
- VI. **The Tragedy of Coriolanus:** With Introduction (Including Two Phototypes) and Relative Lists.
- VII. **The Tragedy of Julius Caesar:** With Relative Lists of Emphasis-Capitals, and Introduction, including Remarks on the deviation of Modern Editors from Shakspere's Punctuation, as it is shewn in the Original Edition (1623).
- VIII. **The Tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra:** With Relative Lists, and Introduction, including Remarks on various Passages of this Tragedy unnecessarily altered in many Modern Editions, and on the Arrangement of its Lines in the Four Folios.
- IX. **The Tragedy of Othello, the Moor of Venice:** With Relative Lists, and Introduction, including Notices of strange Press-room matters in the Shakspere Folios.
- X. **The Merry Wives of Windsor:** With Relative Lists and Introduction, including Remarks on the Running Titles and Paging of the First Folio.

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**The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet:** With Relative Lists, and Introduction, including Remarks on the Head-pieces and Ornamental Initial Letters used in the First Folio,

WILL FORM PART XI.

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## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

“The Fifth Part of Mr Allan Park Paton's ‘Hamnet Shakspere,’ completing the first volume of what, when it is finished, will be one of the most remarkable and valuable editions of our great dramatist ever published, is *The Winter's Tale*. That several months have elapsed since the appearance of the last preceding part is not surprising in view of the enormous labour which Mr Paton expends upon each play. His introduction to ‘The Winter's Tale’ is in itself a comprehensive essay on the circumstances in which Shakspere wrote his plays, and on the advantages which Heminge and Condell enjoyed, and the obstacles and difficulties with which they had to contend, in the preparation of the immortal First Folio. Incidentally, Mr Paton furnishes a brief biography of Shakspere, and a description of the theatre in which most of his plays were acted. He has also some valuable remarks on the tendency of the commentators to substitute a new reading for the original, in many cases in which the First Folio text might with perfect safety be left untouched. He furnishes an excellent illustration of this in the now accepted practice of making Hamlet say—‘I know a hawk from a *hershaw*,’ or young heron, instead of ‘a *handsaw*.’ Against this emendation—which, by the way, has been adopted by so profound a student of Shakspere as Mr Henry Irving—Mr Paton opposes proof that in Shakspere's time there was a common proverb, ‘he does not know a hawk from a *handsaw*,’ and the evidence of this fact which he adduces illustrates very forcibly the industry he has brought to bear on his task, and the wide area of his researches. His introduction as usual contains lists of all the Emphasis-Capitals which were dropped and introduced in the editions of ‘The Winter's Tale’ subsequent to the First Folio, while the text is a faithful reproduction of that edition, with the spelling modernised, except in a few cases where he is of opinion that the retention of the old form of particular words helps to preserve better the true spirit and colour of the passage.”—*Scotsman*.

# THE HAMNET SHAKSPERE.

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## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS (CONTINUED).

"The Fifth Part of his valuable Reprint from the First Folio Edition of Shakspere's Plays, 'The Winter's Tale,' does much to establish Mr Paton's theory, for in the First Folio it possessed more than twice the number of these Emphasis-Capitals found in any other of the Comedies, while there is sufficient evidence to support the belief that this play received a more than usual amount of revision at the hands of its author. Besides standing by itself in respect of these capitals, this play is remarkable as being the longest of all Shakspere's comedies, and as being the last printed in the First Folio. Mr Paton prefixes his usual table of variations in use of these capitals in the First, Second, Third, and Fourth Folios respectively. In a lengthy introduction he gives a brief notice of Shakspere's life, and then in greater detail the history of his connection with the theatres and with his two editors and friends—John Heminge and Henry Condell. He traces also with painstaking care all the deviations in the text of the several editions of 'The Winter's Tale,' and examines obscure and disputed passages with great acumen. It is impossible by any description to give an idea of the exhaustive character of Mr Paton's researches. His work must be closely examined and studied before Shaksprian students can adequately appreciate the debt they owe him. As an instance of how thoroughly he goes into his task, we may mention that in treating of passages whose reading has been altered by various editors and commentators, he takes as illustration Hamlet's saying—'I am but mad, north north-west, When the wind is southerly *I know a Hawk from a Handsaw*.' Many notes and articles have been written on this passage to try to prove that for Handsaw should be read Hernshaw—a young heron. But Mr Paton shows that such attempted correction is erroneous, that the original reading is the right one, and that it is no corruption of the old proverb. It should be added that with this part is furnished a title page for those who wish to bind the first five numbers in one volume, and that 'Coriolanus' will form the next issue, being the first part of the second volume."—*Glasgow Herald*.

"With praiseworthy but surprising expedition Mr Paton has successfully reached another stage in what is evidently a labour of hope as well as love. His theory grows swiftly, if also with wonderful minuteness, into a substance that must claim a large space in any future textual criticism of Shakspere. . . . The lists imply great labour of a true and thorough kind, the results of which will be appreciated by Shakspere scholars of every description."—*Daily Review*.

"Whether for private study or public reading, Mr Paton's Reprints will be welcomed by every lover of Shakspere."—*Book-Analyst*.

"Mr Allan Park Paton continues to display an enormous amount of industry in dealing with his theory of the important part played by Emphasis-Capitals in Shakspere's Plays. Some of those capitals certainly afford powerful arguments in favour of Mr Paton's view. Whether, however, the conclusion be accepted or not, the 'Hamnet' edition of Shakspere is a valuable one, since it brings a reprint of the famous First Folio within reach of the public, with the advantage of modernised spelling and the clearest possible print."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"Apart from his theory, Mr Paton has shown great and commendable industry in collating the four folios, and his work is an admirably printed and very handsome edition of the poet."—*Manchester News*.

"Mr Paton's edition is a beautiful one, and shows a studious and scholar-like research in many ways."—*Manchester City News*.

"The Editor of the 'Hamnet Shakspere' pursues his ingenious theory of the Emphasis-Capitals, to which we have already called attention. This play, like those which have preceded it, is a model of clear printing and careful editing."—*Bookseller*.

"The whole subject is one of great interest, and Mr Paton pursues it with unabated ardour. His examinations and corrections of the text are as interesting as ever, while the beauty of the typography and the care in editing are as pronounced in this number as in its predecessors. Mr Paton has taken on himself a prodigious labour, which he seems to have both the industry and the ability to complete. The 'Hamnet Edition' promises to be a work of immense value. . . . Loving and most painstaking care is everywhere evident, while the paper and typography are such as to satisfy the most fastidious of book epicures. We must admit that Mr Paton makes out a fair case, and he certainly opens up a question of rare interest to the student of Shakspere. Whatever difference of opinion there may be on his theory, there can be none on the merits of his modernised reprint."—*Glasgow Herald*.

"With praiseworthy industry Mr Allan Park Paton continues the publication of his 'Hamnet Shakspere,' which is designed to supply an edition of the great dramatist according to the First Folio, with the spelling modernised. The speciality of this edition, however, is the prominence given to the Emphasis-Capitals used by Shakspere. The text is printed with great care on thick paper with broad margins."—*Edinburgh Courant*.

"We said last week that the introduction to Mr Allan Park Paton's new edition of 'The Winter's Tale' was full of varied interest, and so it is. Not only have we an incidental sketch of the life of Shakspere, but several valuable miscellaneous notes on particular passages and expressions. One of the most suggestive of the latter is that on the phrase used by Hamlet, 'I know a hawk from a handsaw.' . . . Passages of this sort make one regret that Mr Paton has not enriched his edition of Shakspere with more such excellent suggestions. No one is better qualified than he to publish a fully annotated series of the plays.—*Nottingham Daily Guardian*.

THE Printers of the 1623 Folio would seem to have been eager to reach this Comedy, for the last two pages of that preceding it, The Two Gentlemen of Verona, have, as their Running Title, The Merry Wives of Windsor. This is the single instance of a mistake of the kind occurring in the Volume, and the circumstance suggests that this may be as good a time and place as any, to record in our Edition, the results of an Expedition of Discovery along the Upper Borderland, as we may call it, of the First Folio ; along, in other words, its Running Titles and Paging from beginning to end. This is, of course, quite distinct from the Works which it fringes, and applies solely to the Book, as one whose technical details even, deserve notice. It may, to many, appear a monotonous and unfruitful region to explore ; yet such it is not, but discloses much variety along its seemingly formal and bare course, exhibits many strange mistakes and misprints, brings us face to face with problems yet to be solved, and yields grounds upon which much valuable knowledge connected with the First Folio may confidently be built. But this Report of Survey must take its place after the main subjects and usual current of our Introduction.

In the Preface to The Life of Timon of Athens, forming Part IV. of this Edition, there were given Tables shewing “the Number of Original Emphasis-Capitals in each of Shakspere’s Plays, and the Number of those Lost and Gained by each of Shakspere’s Plays, under each of the Second, Third, and Fourth Folios. With a few interim Remarks upon the facts these Tables present, and the questions they suggest.”

Any one glancing down the last column in the Table there marked B, which shews the Joint Number of Original and Added Emphasis-Capitals to each Play, must be struck by the appearance of the four-figure sums, attached to twenty-seven Plays, Tragedies, Histories, and two Comedies (the present one and Loves Labours

*Lost*), while to the remaining eleven Plays, all Comedies, there are attached only three-figure sums. Beyond doubt, there must have been some good reason for this striking difference, and two systems of treatment had evidently been followed.

So richly dowered with Emphasis-Capitals, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Loves Labours Lost* look as if they had, among the Comedies, been prime favourites with the Master, and had received at his hands an unusual share of careful writing down and noting, for the benefit of Readers and Players; and, agreeing well with their favourable position in these Tables, are their Royal experiences. When the latter was played before Good Queen Bess, at Christmas, 1597, it had been “newly corrected and augmented,” as we learn by the First Edition (4to) published in 1598, whose text does not differ much from that of the First Folio; and the “Most pleasaunt and excellent conceited Comedie, of Syr John Falstaffe, and the merrie Wives of Windsor, Entermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors, of Syr Hugh the Welsh Knight, Justice Shallow, and his wise Cousin M. Slender, With the swaggering vaine of Auncient Pistoll, and Corporall Nym,” had,—as its First Quarto, 1602 (of which the foregoing extract is the title), tells us—“bene divers times Acted by the Right Honorable my Lord Chamberlaine’s servants. Both before Her Maiestie, and elsewhere.”

In the Tables referred to *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is set down as having, in the First Folio, 750 Emphasis-Capitals.

Of these there were shewn to have been dropped by the Second Folio, 47; by the Third, 31; and by the Fourth, 27: in all, 105. The Relative Lists appended to this Introduction shew as lost by the Second, 66; by the Third, 10; and by the Fourth, 38: in all, 114—making, upon a special renewed examination for this Part, a difference of 9. (The final proofs of these Relative Lists were posted at Windsor, on leaving which place by rail we saw whitsters engaged with their foul linen on Datchet Mead! But there was a Datchet Mead Station, and our mode of travelling, and seeing

the country, was different from that enjoyed by us, when in young days, we made a pilgrimage on foot, from the Banks of the Clyde in Scotland, to Shakspere's Birthplace.)

Examples of the Emphasis-Capitals in this Play as it stands in the First Folio, will be found in the following Passages :—

they may give the dozen white Luces in their Coat.

It is an old Coat.

The dozen white Lowses do become an old Coat well :

How does your fallow Greyhound, Sir,

The dinner is on the Table, my Father desires your worships company.

go wait upon my Cousin *Shallow*: a Justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend, for a Man ; I Keep but three Men, and a Boy yet, till my Mother be dead ; but what though, yet I live like a poor Gentleman born.

I brui'd my shin th' other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Master of Fence (three veneys for a dish of stew'd Prunes) and by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so ? be there Bears ith' Town ?

I have seen Sackerson loose, twenty times, and have taken him by the Chain.

there dwells one Mrs Quickly ; which is in the manner of his Nurse ; or his dry-Nurse ; or his Cook ; or his Laundry ; his Washer, and his Ringer.

I pray you be gone : I will make an end of my dinner ; there's Pippins and Cheese to come.

Thou'rt an Emperor.

Bardolfe, follow him : a *Tapster* is a good trade ; an old Cloak, makes a new Jerkin ; a wither'd Serving-man, a fresh Tapster.

I am glad I am so acquit of this Tinderbox : his Thefts were too open ; his filching was like an unskilful Singer, he kept not time.

she has all the rule of her husbands Purse ;

She bears the Purse too. She is a Region in *Guiana*: all gold, and bounty: I will be Cheaters to them both, and they shall be Exchequers to me.

Hold Sirha, bear you these Letters tightly,  
Sail like my Pinnasse to these golden shores.

I will tell your Worship more of the Wart,

but they do no more adhere and keep place together, than the hundred Psalms to the tune of Greensleeves : What tempest (I trow) threw this Whale, (with so many Tuns of oil in his belly) a'shore at Windsor ?

I have grated upon my good friends for three Reprieves for you, and your Coach-fellow *Nim*; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a Geminy of Baboons :

this secrecy of thine shall be a Tailor to thee,

this gross-watry Pumpon ; we'll teach him to know Turtles from Jays.

Have I caught thee, my heavenly Jewel ?

I would thy Husband were dead, I'll speak it before the best Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

I your Lady Sir *John* ? Alas, I should be a pitiful Lady.

I see how thine eye would emulate the Diamond : Thou hast the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian admittance.

A plain Kerchief, Sir *John* :

after we'll a Birding together, I have a fine Hawk for the bush.

Pray you Uncle, tell Mist. *Anne* the jest how my Father stole two Geese out of a Pen, good Uncle.

Alas I had rather be set quick i'th earth,  
And bowl'd to death with Turnips.

will you cast away your child on a Fool, and a Physician :

Give my sweet *Nan* this Ring :

Go, fetch me a quart of Sack, put a toast in't. Have I liv'd to be carried in a Basket, like a barrow of butcher's Offal ? and to be thrown in the Thames ?

what a thing should I have been, when I had been swell'd? I should have been a Mountain of Mummy.

Come, let me pour in some Sack to the Thames water :

Take away these Challices :  
Go, brew me a pottle of Sack finely.

With Eggs, Sir ?

Simple of itself ; I'll no Pullet-Sperm in my brewage.

I have had Ford enough : I was thrown into the Ford ; I have my belly full of Ford.

Why, this is Lunaticks :

Let me for ever be your Table-sport : Let them say of me, as jealous as *Ford*, that search'd a hollow Wall-nut for his wife's Leman.

under the profession of Fortune-telling. She works by Charms, by Spells, by th' Figure, and such dawbry as this is, beyond our Element :

Come down you Witch, you Hag you,

Ille *Prat* her : Out of my door, you Witch, you Rag, you Baggage, you Polecat, you Runnion,

The Devil take one party, and his Dam the other :

Her father hath commanded her to slip  
Away with *Slender*, and with him, at *Eaton*  
Immediately to Marry.

I'll to the Vicar,  
Bring you the Maid, you shall not lack a Priest.

(for in the shape of Man (Master *Broom*) I fear not Goliah with a Weaver's beam, because I know also, life is a Shuttle). I am in haste, go along with me, I'll tell you all (Master *Broom*.) since I pluckt Geese, play'd Truant, and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately.

I come to her in white, and cry Mum ; she cries Budget,

The night is dark, Light and Spirits will become it well.

couch'd in a pit hard by Herne's Oak, with obscur'd Lights ;

The Windsor-bell hath stroke twelve: the Minute draws-on: Now the hot-blooded-Gods assist me: Remember Jove, thou was't a Bull for thy *Europa*, Love set on thy horns. O powerful Love, that in some respects makes a Beast a Man; in some other, a Man a beast. You were also (Jupiter) a Swan, for the love of *Leda*: O omnipotent Love, how near the God drew to the complexion of a Goose.

Sir John! Art thou there (my Deer?)  
My male-Deer?

My Doe, with the black Scut?

I will never take you for my Love again, but I will always count you my Deer.

I do begin to perceive that I am made an Ass.

Ay, and an Ox too:

Have I laid my brain in the Sun, and dried it,

Am I ridden with a Welsh Goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of Frieze?

'Tis time I were chok'd with a piece of toasted Cheese.

Seese, and Putter? Have I liv'd to stand at the taunt of one who makes Fritters of English?

As their Relative Lists shew, the three After-Folios have added about 412 Emphasis-Capitals to the number found in this Comedy as it appears in the 1623 Edition, bringing its total of these Letters, Original and Restored, to about 1162. With scarcely an exception, these additions commend themselves at sight, as bringing back what had been so distinguished by Shakspere in his Manuscript, and omitted by the Printers of the First Folio; and through the restoration of which the Text regains its complete meaning, and we are given an undoubted guide to the right understanding and delivery of it.

Some of these Gains, as our readers know, are connected with Independent Words of importance, as where Parson Hugh, in speaking of the "seven hundred pounds of Moneys, and Gold, and

Silver," bequeathed to Anne Page " by her Grand-sire upon his deaths-bed," appropriately prays, " Got deliver to a joyful Resurrections :" Or where the same worthy, forgetting for a while the after-life, and yielding to the wants and desires of the present one, mutters, as he hurriedly starts to return to Mr Page's hospitable dinner table, with its hot Venison Pasty and Pippins and Cheese, " Od's plessed-will : I will not be absence at the Grace." The words Resurrections and Grace here, receive the Emphasis-Capital from the Second Folio.

In other cases this Letter is bestowed upon one of two associated phrases, equally deserving of being dwelt on in thought and speech, but where only one of them is so marked; as where Slender, the Justice's wise cousin, is boasting of his relatives' official greatness, and of his having written himself " Armigero " " any time these three hundred years," says : " All his Successors (gone before him) hath don't : and all his Ancestors (that come after him) may : they may give the dozen white Luces in their Coat." Here Successors have been brought into typographic agreement with Ancestors.

Sometimes the Capital Letter which has been dropped by the Early Printers is restored to a word, in whose neighbourhood the same word, or the same word repeatedly used, is so marked, as where Sir Hugh Evans says : " Yes per-lady : if he has a quarter of your Coat, there is but three skirts for yourself in my simple conjectures ; but that is all one." Here, though the word Coat, with a Capital to it, stands four times within a few adjoining lines, it is undistinguished until brought into order by the Second Folio.

As usual, the Second is, of the Four Folios, the chief Loser of Original Emphasis-Capitals. It has dropt about twice the number of these met with in the Fourth. The Second Folio is also, generally, of the Four Folios, the smallest Gainer of these. But, in the case of The Merry Wives of Windsor, it makes a different show, for, while to twenty of the Plays contained in the Volume of 1623, its contributions range from one, in Coriolanus, (in

The Life of Timon of Athens there is not even one) to fourteen; in this Comedy it has a hundred New Capitals: confirming what we have said as to its exceptional circumstances. Its peculiarity in this respect goes to support the common opinion that the Play was an unusual favorite with Queen Elizabeth and her Court, and with the people, and that it had received rare attention on the part of the Author, so that the delivery of it might be as correct and effective as possible. Its Gain here, though greater than that of the Third Folio, is more than doubled by the amount of Emphasis-Capitals restored by the Fourth. We have repeatedly stated in our Introductions, that we were impressed with the notion that the Editors of the Fourth Folio had either an Original Manuscript, or Theatre copy of it, to go by, and there is a strange circumstance connected with The Merry Wives of Windsor that tends to strengthen this, and to suggest that, through its over use during the term of sixty-two years, it had suffered loss, and that the Editors in 1685 had to contend with a curtailed Manuscript. The circumstance referred to is this:— While in the first four Acts of this Comedy, up to page 47 (12 pages), the Fourth Folio has 222 Added Emphasis-Capitals, on that page and those which follow till the end (8 in number), there are only 16. This looks as if the Manuscript based on went no farther.

The number of "Faults Escaped" in this Reprint seems to be thirteen. On page 6, a-fore should be afore; on page 11, *Nil* should be *Ni*; on page 14, "Who's within there," should be "with in there"; a colon has been omitted after intrusion on page 25; *Cas* on page 35, should be *Cai*; on page 39, Falstaff, in "What Sir John Falstaffe," should be Faistaffe; before the line on page 42 beginning "No, heaven so speed," the name of the speaker has been omitted, and there is a blank in the First Folio. In this Reprint the wanting *Fen*, for Fenton, has been erroneously (and carelessly) inserted. On page 31, buffets should be buffettes; on page 58, dis horn wants the hyphen; on page 66,

O love should be O Jove; on page 70, Welch goat should be Welch Goat.

There are few passages or words in this Comedy which call upon us to pause over them, but it possesses one verbal knot hard to loosen, which has exercised many Editors, and had a multitude of various significations attached to it. To bring it within the realm of intelligibility, it has been coaxed and driven, shortened and lengthened, and twisted and tortured, into, at least, a score of shapes. This apparently dead phrase stands at the end of the First Scene of the Second Act, where the Host of the Garter is persuading Justice Shallow to meet with him by and by, see the farther fun of the business, (he has already been laughing over it), and use his influence as a Man of the Law to prevent from coming off the duel between Dr. Caius, the French Doctor, and Sir Hugh Evans, the Parson, rival lovers of sweet Anne Page, the former "a Moth of Peace," now benumbed by fear, and the latter a meddled-with and enraged wasp.

"It is a merry Knight: will you go AN-HEIRES?"

As we thus find it for the first time, it remains throughout the Four Folios unaltered, except that in the last of these, it stands "will you go an heirs?" with no hyphen between "an" and "heirs," and no Capital Letter to "An." In such a matter the note of conjunction has something to say, and to us the Emphasis-Capital seals the Word as an important one.

Rowe, Pope, and Theobald, the three Post-Folios Editors have it the same as the Fourth, the last (who restores the hyphen) saying in a note upon it, "I can make Nothing of this Reading, " which hath possess'd all the Editions. The Word is not to be "traced; and consequently, I am apt to suspect, must be corrupted. " I should think, the Host meant to say, either,

" Will you go on, here?

" Pointing out the Way which was to lead them to the Combatants; " as he afterwards says, *Here, boys, here, here: shall we wag?* Or,

“ *Will you go, myn heers?*

“ i.e., my Masters ; Both these make plain Sense ; and are not  
 “ remote from the Traces of the Text : but without some such  
 “ Alteration, the Passage seems utterly unintelligible to me.”  
 (Theobald, who discards the Emphasis-Capitals of the Folios, can  
 for his own ends use such lavishly.)

In most of the modern Editions the unyielding phrase has not been let alone, but altered, as we see in Charles Knight's note on the difficulty, where he says: “ ‘The folio reads *an-heires* :’—the parallel passage in the quarto is, ‘here boys, shall we wag?’ The ordinary reading is, ‘will you go on, *hearts*?’ Malone would read, ‘will you go and *hear us*?’ Boaden proposes, “ ‘will you go, *Cavaleires*?’ We think that the Host, who, “ although he desires to talk with the German gentlemen who “ ‘speak English,’ is fond of using foreign words which he has “ picked up from his guests, such as cavalero, Francisco, and “ Varletto, employs the Dutch *Heer*, or the German *Herr*,—Sir, “ —Master. Both words are pronounced nearly alike. He says, “ ‘will you go on heers’—as he would say, if he had picked up a “ French word, ‘will you go on, Monsieurs?’ ”

May he not here use two French words which he had so picked up? Suffering from our Host's bad pronunciation of French, and the Early Printers' bad printing of it, may not An-heires stand for UNE HEURE, a bit of French with which Boniface would be familiar, through his streams of lodgers and visitors going to or coming from “la Cour?” We can imagine Doctor Caius, himself, arriving hurriedly at the Hostel after a professional round or particular case, and asking his Host of de Jartere “at vat o'clock de good guest, de lord, de earl, de gentleman, his patient,” was proposing to go up about this time to-day to the Castle, and receiving the answer, AN-HEURE, as we think he would be almost certain to pronounce UNE-HEURE ; or Sir Hugh Evans, invited by a touring clerical friend to luncheon there (with pippins and cheese perhaps), enquiring on his reaching

it, at what hour the repast was ordered, and having for his answer from our ranting host, **AN-HEURE**.

This suggestion, so far as we are aware, has not been made by any other Editor, and there may be in the text some obstacle to its being accepted though we have failed to discover such; but there is no reason why it should not take its stand, *en queue* (to use another bit of French), among the many offered solutions. There are several things which strike us as being in its favour.

(1.) In *An-heires* there is a Capital Letter to *An*, and, if it is not for Emphasis, what is it for? An Emphasis-Capital, leading us to say *One* o'clock, and, so, specifying a certain hour, is natural in the circumstances, and valuable. But a Letter of this kind is utterly inappropriate in connection with some of the other Readings now in use, such as, "Will you go *On*?"—"Will you go *And* hear?"—and the fact of its being there, places them out of the competition. But *An-heure* carries with it certainty as to what is the hour now, or anxiety about a certain coming hour's being kept in mind and acted at. The phrase used by the **Landlord** in the sense we have supposed, indicates authority and decision on an important point.

(2.) That it may represent French, is helped by the fact, that the Printers in the First Folio were unusually unfortunate in printing French. In this Comedy there is "mai foy, il fait for "chando. Je man voi a le Court la grand affaires," where we have a cluster of errors, and such are numerous in the French passages throughout the Volume. To shew how French can be metamorphosed we may introduce an amusing circumstance. When it first occurred that it was possible that *An-heires* concealed *Une heure*, we wished to know if Shakspere had anywhere else employed the word *heure*, and looked up Mrs Cowden Clarke's Concordance, where *An-heires* is duly entered. There we found that Shakspere had only used the French word *heure* once, *viz.*, in *Henry V.* iv. 4; but we could not find a Fourth Scene in that Act. Extending our pursuit over various pages we were several

times struck by an odd-looking Word, which we resolved to return to, present business over. This was ASTURE, unchanged throughout the Folios. The reason for Act 4, Scene 2nd, not being found, was that they do not exist. Heminge and Condell, "his Friends," assure us that they had, in the affair of their care and pain, collected and published, cured and perfect in their limbs, as he had conceived them, what had been ruined and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors, and that they had followed faithfully his papers, shewing scarcely a blot. Yet Pope, the second Post-Folios Editor, wrote, and acted according to this Note, attached by him to his Edition of Henry the Fifth. "I have divided the Acts of this Play differently from all the editions, " by beginning here the second Act, whereby each throughout the "Play begins with a Chorus regularly; whereas before, the Chorus "was stuck into a place where it interrupted the continuance of "the Scene, and for want of this division they were forced to split "the one day's battle of Agincourt into two Acts, namely, the "Third and Fourth." This shews the position of the Word wanted, in the 10th Scene of the 4th Act of Pope, who has 16 Scenes in the 4th Act, instead of one in the First Folio, and calls the Chorus, commencing the Act, a Scene! Pope forgot, what Shakspere and his fellows knew, that the Play was to be Acted, and that the company of Actors, on their unworthy scaffold in the Wooden O, and with four or five most vile and ragged foils, could not carry through the Battle of Agincourt without a short break and rest, such as is afforded in the Original Edition by Act 4, formed of one Scene. Our missing Word we found, clothed and in its right mind, in the edition of Nicholas Rowe, the First Post-Folios Editor, and lo! it was not only French, but three single French gentlemen rolled into one. It stands for *a cette heure*. Our friend Pistol has been at the Fight, and is on the Field after Victory, in possession of a prisoner, whom he overwhelms with boasts and oaths and threats, accompanied by fiendish scowls and grins, struts and rushes, and dangerous-looking

plungings and wavings of his sabre. All this to terrify the wretched Paul "out of his five sentences," and extract coin from the conquered. Having picked up on the Field a capable Boy to act as interpreter between the negotiating parties, Pistol shouts (we follow Rowe's Edition) :

" Bid him prepare for I will cut his throat."

" Que dit il, Monsieur ?" asks the trembling captive.

" Il me command de vous dire," answers the Boy, " que vous vous teniez prest, car ce soldat icy est disposée tout à cette heure des couper votre gorge." Certainly, at first sight, ASTURE is as much a verbal mystery as AN-HEIRES.

(3.) With its long series of exciting incidents, its twenty various living portraits of men and women, and its never halting fun, it is difficult to believe that the action of this delightful Comedy is covered by a period of Two Days and a Half. Yet so it is, and as to the probability of our Sphinxian phrase being connected with a particular hour in its course, the circumstances in which the phrase was used must be kept in mind. Thus matters stand :—there is impending a Duel between the French Doctor and the Welsh Priest, rival aspirants to the hand of sweet Anne Page, who would rather be "bowl'd to death by Turnips" than marry either of them. The Landlord of The Garter has been deputed by the former, to measure their weapons, and fix the hour and place. Roaring with delight over the business, in which the principals are such opposite oddities, and the cause of enmity so farcical, and resolved to hinder the fight from coming off, Boniface has appointed the combatants contrary places, at which they have been waiting for some time past,—the Doctor in his blood-thirstiness feeling as if he had stayed "six or seven, two tree hours for him, and he is no come." The Justice is let into the secret, and begged by the Host to be present as a Man of Law, and to exercise his office to establish peace, and, honest Master Page coming up, he also hears the story, and is enrolled as a pacifier. All being arranged according to his desire, the Host

says approvingly of Sir Robert's acquiescence, "It is a merry Knight, Will you go An-heires?" and may not the Hour fixed for the Duel have been One o'clock, or, even as on the following night, it was to strike Twelve o'clock to Falstaff, standing, with great rag'd-horns, at Herne's Oak in the Forest, waiting for the Merry Wives, and little dreaming of the unearthly, bewildering, and mocking multitude couched around in the grass, and about to overwhelm him with shame and persecution—may not the Windsor-bell have then struck One, reminding the Host that it was time to wag, or set off; not together, for while the Justice, Page, Slender, and Simple were to "go through the Town to Frogmere," where the Priest was praying and shivering, Page was "to bring the Doctor about by the Fields"?

Returning now to our Surveying Expedition along the Upper-Borderland of the First Folio, we shall report how the Running Titles of Plays stand there, reserving consideration of their mistakes, peculiarities, and differences, and such conclusions as they seem to support.

In the opening Play, *The Tempest*, all is correct, save that there is no period following the Running Title on Page 18. In Upcott's Reprint, Folio, 1808, there is a period; but in the photographic Facsimiles of Lionel Booth, sm4to, 1864; Howard Staunton, Folio, 1866; and Halliwell-Phillipps, 8vo, 1876, there is no period.

The Running Title of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* is right to Pages 37 and 38, where there is substituted for it, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, an error which stands alone of its kind in the First Folio, and is reproduced in the Reprint and Facsimiles.

In the Running Title of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* there is no error.

In *Measure for Measure* all is correct and in typographical order, to Page 67, where a different type, large and flowing and of a more ancient and graceful character, is introduced, and continues to be used to Page 73. Then the former and more plain

type returns, and remains to Page 79, where the strange type re-appears, and holds its place till the close of the Comedy. These typographical varieties are not shewn in Upcott's Reprint, but they appear in the three Facsimiles.

In *The Comedie of Errors* the Running Title is correct, save that on Page 89 the word Comedie stands Com edie, through the types separating, and this space inside the word is shewn in the Reprint and Facsimiles. There appears in the Running Title of this Comedy a different type for C: one similar in character to that noticed above, and apparently belonging to the same fount. It occurs on two pages marked 88, and again on 90, 92, 94, 96, 97, and 98.

In *Much Ado about Nothing* the Running Title is correct, with the exception of one typographical error on Page 121, where about is misprinted aboat, an error shewn in the Reprint and Facsimiles. In this Play the large M before described, is used fifteen times, and the other one five times; these being reproduced in the three Facsimiles.

Of *Loves Labours Lost* the Running Title is right.

In *A Midsommer Nights Dream* the Running Title is correct to page 151, where there is Midsomer instead of Midsommer. This error is repeated on the following page, 152.

In *The Merchant of Venice* it is correct. Everywhere in this Play, save on five Pages—170, 172, 174, 181, and 184—the large M already noticed is used, and also shewn in the Facsimiles.

In *As You Like it*, the Running Title has only one fault: on Page 197 you is misprinted yoa, the misprint being recorded in the Reprint and Facsimiles. Two differing types for A are used in this Title, the larger one appearing only five times.

In *the Taming of the Shrew* the Running Title is faultless, and the Capitals are of one set.

In *Alls Well, that Ends Well*, the Running Title has the comma after Alls Well which is in the main Title, upon eight pages (231, 235, 239, 241, 245, 251, 253, and 254). There is a

different E to Ends on six pages (231, 235, 239, 241, 245, and 251), and on pages 253 and 254 there is another different E. The comma is reproduced on the same pages by the Reprint and Booth and Staunton's Facsimiles, and by Halliwell-Phillipps's Facsimile, except in Page 231 where there is no comma. The first differing E is followed by the Facsimiles, but the Reprint has another small e on sixteen of its pages, and on eight of its pages another Capital E, which appears also in the Facsimiles, on the last two pages of the Play, 253 and 254.

In *Twelfe Night, Or what you will*, the Running Title is *Twelfe Night, or, What you will*—there being a comma after Night and one after or; and the word *What* having a capital. The types are of one family.

As to the Running Title of *The Winters Tale* there is no remark to make. With this Play ends the first Division of the Volume, *vizt.* that of Comedies.

The Division named Histories commences with *The life and death of King John*, where the Running Title is correct, and the types in order. On page 8 there is a different capital J to John.

In *The life and death of King Richard the Second*, the Running Title, *The life and death of Richard the second*, is right to Page 30, where we find no period after second. This want is shewn in the Reprint, and Facsimiles of Staunton and Halliwell-Phillipps, but there is a period in that of Booth. From this the title is correct to Page 36, where there is a period after second; the Reprint, and Staunton and Booth's Facsimiles shewing it, but there is none in that of Halliwell-Phillipps. On Page 37 the letters L and D in the Running Title have larger and freer types, such as we have mentioned in our foregoing note on *Measure for Measure*, and this continues to the end of the Play.

In *The First Part of Henry the Fourth*, with the *Life and Death of Henry surnamed Hot-spur*, the Running Title, *The First Part of King Henry the Fourth*, is right, with the exception that

on Page 57 the word King is omitted, such omission being shewn by the Facsimiles, but not by the Reprint.

In The Second Part of Henry the Fourth, Containing his Death: and the Coronation of King Henry the Fift, the Running Title is The second Part of King Henry the Fourth. In it, on Page 75, the letter n in second is of a different set, and this flaw reappears on pages 77, 79, 81, 83, 85, and 87, and is reproduced in the Facsimiles and Reprint. It looks as if the headband with its contents had been lifted on. From page 87 to the end of the Play there is nothing wrong.

In the Running Title of The Life of Henry the Fift there is no fault.

In the first Part of Henry the Sixt the Running Title is correct.

In The second Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Good Duke Humfrey, the Running Title, reduced to The second Part of Henry the Sixt, is without defect.

In The third Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Duke of York, the Running Title, shortened to The third Part of Henry the Sixt, is right to page 153, where we find King Henry the Sixt, which is continued to the end of the Play.

In The Tragedy of Richard the Third: with the Landing of Earl Richmond, and the Battle at Bosworth Field, this, the main title, is changed in the Running Title to The Life and Death of Richard the Third. All is right till Page 201, where there is no capital letter to death, an omission continued to the close of the Play, and shewn in the Reprint and Facsimiles.

In The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eight, which closes the department of Histories, the Running Title is merely, The Life of King Henry the Eight, and is without fault, but on Pages 207 and 208 there is a different capital E introduced.

There is now reached The Tragedy of Troilus and Cressida, preceded by its Prologue. This Play is not in the Index or Catalogue of the contents of the Folio. Its Running Title on Pages marked 79 and 80, is the same as the main title, and on the

after Pages, twenty-five in number and unpaged, it is simply, *Troilus and Cressida*. It is typographically correct.

In the Tragedy of *Coriolanus* the Running Title shows no error.

The Lamentable Tragedy of *Titus Andronicus* follows, and its Running Title, contracted to The Tragedy of *Titus Andronicus*, is correct.

In The Tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet* the Running Title is right to Page 60, where we find the line disturbed ; "Romeo and" being driven together into "Romeo and," a space being within the name *Juliet*, and the period at the end hanging far above its line. This "trouble," as quarriers call it, is reproduced in the Facsimiles, but not in the Reprint. All goes right to page 71, when there is no period after *Juliet*, the omission being shewn in the Facsimiles of Staunton and Halliwell-Phillips, but not in Booth's, or in the Reprint. In the course of the Play the name *Juliet* in the Running Title shews three different kinds of the capital letter J, as having been used for it. That which corresponds with the R to *Romeo* throughout the course of the Title, only appears four times, the two other kinds of J, each used about nine or ten times, being quite out of keeping with the general typography of the Title.

In the Life of *Timon of Athens* the Running Title, contracted to *Timon of Athens*, is correct.

In The Tragedy of *Julius Caesar*, here the same as the main title, it is right in all respects.

For The Tragedy of *Macbeth* the same is to be said.

In The Tragedy of *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, the Running Title is The Tragedy of *Hamlet*, and it has no faults.

In The Tragedy of *King Lear* the Running Title is right to Page 292 where there is no period after *Lear* ; this omission is followed in the Reprint and Staunton and Halliwell-Phillipps' Facsimiles, but there is a period in Booth's. On pages 305, 306, 307, 308, and 309 there is no dot to the letter i in *Tragedie*.

In *The Tragedy of Othello, the Moor of Venice*, the Running Title, which has no comma after Othello, passes across two pages. The first half of this, *The Tragedy of Othello*, has a place between the bounding lines of the case of the first Page, above the head-piece which belongs to the main title. There is nothing wrong with it throughout, save that on Page 323 the period after Venice is lifted as high as the letters, a neglect recorded in the Reprint and Facsimiles.

In *The Tragedy of Anthony, and Cleopatra*, except on Page 341, where it is only Anthony and Cleopatra, the Running Title serves for opposite pages, and is right, up to page 349, where the A of Anthony is away from the name, through the types having been disturbed. This defect is exhibited in the Reprint and Facsimiles. The same overlook occurs on Page 353, where the word and has a space in it: this also being repeated by the Reprint and Facsimiles. On pages 345 and 347 a different letter n is used in Anthony. On the concluding Page of the Play, 368, the full title is given.

In *The Tragedy of Cymbeline*, the last of the thirty six Plays contained in the Folio, the Running Title has sometimes Tragedie and again Tragedy, but otherwise it is correct, and in proper typographical order.

We now come to give in our Report of Survey with regard to another portion of the Upper Borderland of the Folio, namely its Paging, which presents numerous variations, misprints, and enigmatical blanks, and in the figures of which, types of various sizes and fashion have been employed.

In the Comedies :

In *the Merry Wives of Windsor* Page 58 should be 50, and a second Page 51 should be 59.

In *the Comedy of Errors* 88 should be 86.

In *A Midsommer Nights Dream* a second 151 should be 153, and 163 should be 161.

In *The Merchant of Venice* the second 162 should be 164, and

163 165. (Three Pages in this Comedy near each other are figured 163.)

In *As You Like it* a second 187 should be 189.

In *The Taming of the Shrew* a second 212 should be 214.

In *All's Well, that Ends Well* 251 should be 249, and 252 250. On the last two pages of the Play there is no apostrophe in *All's*.

In *Twelfe Night, Or what you will* a second 273 should be 265.

In the Histories :

The opening Page of the First Part of *Henry the Fourth* is marked 46, and the pages should run in order from this to 71, the last Page of the Play. Instead, they run as follows : 46, 49, 50, and from this in their order to 73, the number on the last Page.

In the Second Part of *King Henry the Fourth* 91 should be 89 ; a second 91 should be 93 ; a second 92 should be 94 ; and a second 93 should be 95.

The Paging of the *Life of Henry the Fift* opens with 69, which should have been 101 and gone on in order, 102, 103, &c. The reason of the confusion here is that the Paging of the Histories from 69 to 100 has been twice used. The paging of *Henry the Fift* should have begun with 101, as we have said, and run to 128, the last Page of the Play.

The First Part of *Henry the Sixth* should have begun with 129, and run to 152.

The Second Part should have been paged from 153 to 179, on which it finishes.

Its Third Part should have begun with 180, and run to 205.

*Richard the Third* should have begun with 206, and run to 237.

And *Henry the Eight* (the last of the Histories) should have begun with 238, and ended with 265.

There is now reached *Troilus, and Cressida*, which is surrounded by mystery. To begin with, it is not in the "Catalogue of the several Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies contained in this

Volume ;" then its second and third Pages, are numbered 79 and 80, and here the Old Printers evidently found themselves out of their reckoning, and had to "lay to," for the remaining twenty-four of its twenty-eight pages are, as regards paging, blank.

Coriolanus stands foremost in the last Division of the Folio. Its opening page numbered 1, it runs properly to its close on 30.

The paging of Titus Andronicus, ending on 52, is likewise without a break.

In Romeo and Juliet there is a single lapse ; page 79 should be 77.

The first two Pages of Timon of Athens, which should be 78 and 79, are printed 80 and 81, and the page following these should be 80 instead of 82. From this to its close on 98, there is nothing wrong.

Arrived at Julius Cæsar, a serious blunder is found. The Play begins with 109 instead of 99, the printer's memory having tricked him. The consequence is the abandonment of ten pages.

After this there is no departure till 156 in Hamlet, which is followed by 257 instead of 157, the greatest error we have to record, involving the difference of a hundred, which erroneous paging is maintained to 278 (which should have been 178), and this is succeeded by 259, in a different and smaller type.

King Lear commences with 283. Then the false figures run in order to 307, following which we have 38, in place of 308.

The wrong paging, "religious in its error," then travels uninterrupted through Othello, Antony and Cleopatra, and Cymbeline, till at what ought to be, even of it, page 379, there is 389. Then, from 380 the false paging holds its way to 398, the succeeding page to which is the last in the Folio, and is marked 993.

The actual number of pages devoted to printing, in the Folio, is 891.

At the beginning of the Volume there are seventeen Pages without paging : six of these are blank, and on eleven of them

there is printed matter to which particular consideration will be given as opportunity affords. This includes Ben Jonson's ten Lines ; seven To the Reader ; the Title Page ; the Dedication by the Player-Editors, Heminge and Condell, to Earls Pembroke and Montgomerie ; Holland's Sonnet upon Shakspere's Lines and Life ; the Memorial Lines of Digges and J. M. ; The Names of the Principal Actors in the Plays ; and the Catalogue or Index of the Folio. In the course of the volume there are five blank pages (one at the end of each of the Plays of Twelfth Night, Winter's Tale, Troilus and Cressida, Timon of Athens, and Cymbeline). These 22 pages added to the 891 above stated, makes 913, leaving 80 unaccounted for.

It is intended that in a future Part of this Edition particular consideration will be bestowed on these puzzling discrepancies, and some light may then be thrown on them. In the meantime, care must be take not to allow the mind to associate them with the Main Text, printed with transparent care and pain, after the Author's papers, in which there was found scarce a blot by his Brothers of the Buskin and Friends and Editors : well worthy of their Memorial-Monument in the Church-yard of St. Mary the Virgin, Aldermanbury, in the City of London ; the parish in which they lived, where there families were born and brought up, and where they and their wives were buried. The Upper-Border-land, surveyed and reported on by us, is but a fringe of the rich and varied country stretching far and wide beneath it. There are, indeed, many misprints, omissions, and strange pressroom matters in the First Folio, and these it is our endeavour faithfully to reproduce, but they are trifles compared with the wonderful accuracy which prevails in the Works themselves.

HOME COTTAGE, ROSENEATH STREET :  
GREENOCK.

Lines in The Merry Wives of Windsor containing Words whose Emphasis-Capitals escaped the Editors and Printers of the Second Folio (1632). (The page referred to in this List, and the Lists which follow, applies to the present Edition, and Italic-Capitals distinguish what had been omitted, or added.)

	Page
there is but three <i>Skirts</i> for your self . . . . .	2
seven hundred pounds of <i>Monies</i> , and <i>Gold</i> , and <i>Silver</i> , . . . . .	,, 2
may be beholding to his friend, for a <i>Man</i> . . . . .	,, 7
I keep but three <i>Men</i> . . . . .	,, 7
With wit, or <i>Steel</i> . . . . .	,, 11
dere is no honest man dat shall come in my <i>Closset</i> . . . . .	,, 13
for my Master in the way of <i>Marriage</i> , . . . . .	,, 13
though <i>Love</i> use <i>Reason</i> . . . . .	,, 15
The <i>Devil</i> 's name) . . . . .	,, 16
heaven-bless them, and make them his <i>Servants</i> , . . . . .	,, 22
<i>Lord, Lord</i> , your Worship's a wanton : . . . . .	,, 22
good <i>Body</i> , I thank thee : . . . . .	,, 24
I shall be glad to be your <i>Servant</i> . . . . .	,, 25
de Knight, de <i>Lords</i> , de Gentlemen, my patients . . . . .	,, 31
What? the <i>Sword</i> , and the <i>Word</i> ? . . . . .	,, 32
I'll speak'it before the best <i>Lord</i> . . . . .	,, 37
your husband's coming hither ( <i>Woman</i> ) . . . . .	,, 39
Help to cover your master ( <i>Boy</i> :) . . . . .	,, 39
I see I cannot get thy <i>Father</i> 's love . . . . .	,, 42
Albeit I will confess, thy <i>Father</i> 's wealth . . . . .	,, 42
Yet seek my <i>Father</i> 's love, . . . . .	,, 42
This is my <i>Father</i> 's choice . . . . .	,, 43
how my <i>Father</i> stole two Geese out of a Pen . . . . .	,, 43
to search his house for his Wives <i>Love</i> . . . . .	,, 47
his <i>Hinds</i> . . . . .	,, 47
her <i>Husband</i> is this morning gone a <i>Birding</i> . . . . .	,, 48

	Page
<i>Is this a vision ?</i>	48
<i>Is this a dream ?</i>	,, 48
<i>nor into a Pepper-Box :</i>	,, 48
<i>my son profits nothing in the world at his Book</i>	,, 49
<i>Come on Sirha</i>	,, 49
<i>A Stone</i>	,, 49
<i>And what is a Stone (William ?)</i>	,, 49
<i>But are you sure of your husband now ?</i>	,, 51
<i>No certainly : Speak louder</i>	,, 51
<i>'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the draugh</i>	,, 53
<i>Well said Brazen-face, hold it out :</i>	,, 54
<i>you have heard of such a Spirit .</i>	,, 57
<i>was't not the Wise-woman of Brainford ?</i>	,, 60
<i>I would I could have spoken with the Woman her self</i>	,, 60
<i>I shall make my Master glad with these tidings</i>	,, 60
<i>there is a friend of mine come to Town</i>	,, 61
<i>here is a Letter will say somewhat :</i>	,, 62
<i>While other Jests are something rank on foot</i>	,, 63
<i>Immediately to Marry,</i>	,, 63
<i>Her Mother (even strong against that match</i>	,, 63
<i>Her Father means she shall be all in white ;</i>	,, 63
<i>they say there is Divinity in odd Numbers</i>	,, 64
<i>for in the shape of Man</i>	,, 64
<i>But what needs either your Mum, or her Budget ?</i>	,, 65
<i>the hot-blooded Gods assist me</i>	,, 66
<i>how near the God drew to the complexion of a Goose</i>	,, 66
<i>When Gods have hot backs</i>	,, 66
<i>Our radiant Queen, hates Sluts, and Sluttery,</i>	,, 67
<i>More fertile-fresh than all the Field to see</i>	,, 68
<i>Our Dance of Custom, round about the Oak</i>	,, 68
<i>To guide our Measure round about the Tree</i>	,, 68
<i>With Trial-fire touch me his finger end :</i>	,, 68
<i>How now ? How now Son ?</i>	,, 71
<i>And laugh this sport o'er by a Country fire</i>	,, 72

Lines in the Merry Wives of Windsor containing Words  
shewing New Emphasis-Capitals which appear in the Second Folio  
(1632.)

	Page
if he has a quarter of your <i>Coat</i> . . . . .	2
(Got deliver to a joyful <i>Resurrections</i> ) . . . . .	,, 2
Sir : he's a good <i>Dog</i> , and a fair <i>Dog</i> , . . . . .	,, 3
kill'd my <i>Deer</i> . . . . .	,, 3
But not kiss'd your <i>Keeper's Daughter</i> . . . . .	,, 4
against your <i>Cony-catching Rascals</i> . . . . .	,, 4
I will make a prief of it in my <i>Note-book</i> . . . . .	,, 4
seven groats in <i>Mill-sixpences</i> . . . . .	,, 4
Ha, thou <i>Mountain Foreigner</i> : . . . . .	,, 5
By this <i>Hat</i> , then he in the red face had it . . . . .	,, 5
yet I am not altogether an <i>Ass</i> . . . . .	,, 5
carry the <i>Wine</i> in, we'll drink within . . . . .	,, 5
we have a hot <i>Venison Pasty</i> to dinner . . . . .	,, 5
can you love the <i>Maid</i> ? . . . . .	,, 7
my Father desires your <i>Worship's company</i> . . . . .	,, 7
Od's blessed will : I will not be absence at the <i>Grace</i> . . . . .	,, 7
Wilt please your <i>Worship</i> to come in, Sir . . . . .	,, 7
a Justice of <i>Peace</i> sometime may be beholding . . . . .	,, 7
I may not go in without your <i>Worship</i> . . . . .	,, 7
speak <i>Scholarly</i> , and <i>wisely</i> . . . . .	,, 9
Discard, ( <i>Bully Hercules</i> ) . . . . .	,, 9
Said I well ( <i>Bully Hector</i> ?) . . . . .	,, 9
wilt thou the <i>Spigot</i> wield . . . . .	,, 9
I ken the <i>Wight</i> : he is of substance good . . . . .	,, 10
Indeed I am in the <i>Waste</i> two yards about . . . . .	,, 10
Tester I'll have in <i>Pouch</i> when thou shalt lack . . . . .	,, 11

Go, and we'll have a <i>Posset</i> for't soon at night . . . . .	Page	12
Rugby, ballow mee some <i>Paper</i> . . . . .	„	13
You love <i>Sack</i> , and so do I . . . . .	„	16
but I'll give you a pottle of burn'd <i>Sack</i> . . . . .	„	20
a <i>Gentleman</i> of excellent breeding . . . . .	„	26
and last, as I am a <i>Gentleman</i> , . . . . .	„	27
Carry them to the <i>Landress</i> in Datchet-Mead . . . . .	„	39
That's my <i>Master</i> , M. Doctor . . . . .	„	44
the jealous <i>Knave</i> their <i>Master</i> . . . . .	„	47
I had lief as bear so much <i>Lead</i> . . . . .	„	53
Youth in a <i>Basket</i> . . . . .	„	53
for his <i>Wives</i> <i>Lemman</i> . . . . .	„	54
come you and the old <i>Woman</i> down . . . . .	„	54
Why, it is my <i>Maid</i> 's Aunt of Brainford . . . . .	„	55
A <i>Witch</i> , a <i>Quean</i> . . . . .	„	55
an old cozening <i>Quean</i> . . . . .	„	55
let him not strike the old <i>Woman</i> . . . . .	„	55
Come <i>Mother Prat</i> . . . . .	„	55
Ill <i>Fortune</i> -tell you . . . . .	„	55
Hang her <i>Witch</i> . . . . .	„	55
I think the o'man is a <i>Witch</i> indeed : . . . . .	„	55
I spy a great peard under his <i>Muffler</i> . . . . .	„	55
if the <i>Devil</i> have him not in fee-simple . . . . .	„	55
(sometime a <i>Keeper</i> here in Windsor Forest) . . . . .	„	57
Doth all the <i>Winter</i> time . . . . .	„	57
And <i>Rattles</i> in their hands . . . . .	„	58
Let them from forth a <i>Saw-pit</i> rush . . . . .	„	58
My <i>Master</i> Sir, my <i>Master</i> <i>Slender</i> . . . . .	„	60
like three German- <i>Devils</i> . . . . .	„	61
as crest-fall'n as a dried <i>Pear</i> . . . . .	„	61
the action of an old <i>Woman</i> deliver'd me . . . . .	„	62
the <i>Knave</i> <i>Constable</i> had set me ith' <i>Stocks</i> . . . . .	„	62
And (as I am a <i>Gentleman</i> ) I'll give thee . . . . .	„	62
either in <i>Nativity</i> , chance, or death ; . . . . .	„	64

	Page
that same <i>Knave</i> (Ford her husband) . . . . .	64
the finest mad <i>Devil</i> of jealousy . . . . .	64
I'll tell you strange things of this <i>Knave</i> Ford . . . . .	64
No man means evil but the <i>Devil</i> . . . . .	65
and the Welsh- <i>Devil</i> Herne . . . . .	65
Against such Lewdsters, and their <i>Lechery</i> . . . . .	66
The Windsor-Bell hath stroke twelve . . . . .	66
in some other, a Man a <i>Beast</i> . . . . .	66
a fault done first in the form of a <i>Beast</i> . . . . .	66
Mistress Page is come with me ( <i>Sweetheart</i> ) . . . . .	67
Why, now is Cupid a child of <i>Conscience</i> . . . . .	67
I think the <i>Devil</i> will not have me damn'd . . . . .	67
Lest the <i>Oil</i> that's in me . . . . .	67
You Moon-shine <i>Revellers</i> . . . . .	67
Cricket, to Windsor-Chimnies shalt thou leap . . . . .	67
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and <i>Hearths</i> unswept . . . . .	67
Go you, and where you find a <i>Maid</i> . . . . .	67
Like to the Garters- <i>Compass</i> , in a <i>Ring</i> . . . . .	68
Like Saphire-pearl, and rich <i>Embroidery</i> . . . . .	68
Fairies use <i>Flowers</i> for their <i>Charactery</i> . . . . .	68
And twenty <i>Glow-worms</i> shall our <i>Lanthorns</i> be . . . . .	68
About him (Fairies) sing a scornful <i>Rime</i> . . . . .	69
Pinch him for his <i>Villany</i> . . . . .	69
Now (good Sir John) how like you Windsor <i>Wives</i> ? . . . . .	69
Do not these fair <i>Okes</i> . . . . .	69
a cuckoldly <i>Knave</i> . . . . .	69
his <i>Cudgel</i> , and twenty pounds of money . . . . .	69
This is enough to be the decay of <i>Lust</i> . . . . .	70
and have given ourselves without scruple to <i>Hell</i> . . . . .	70
that ever the <i>Devil</i> could have made you our delight? . . . . .	70
What, a <i>Hodge</i> pudding? A bag of <i>Flax</i> ? . . . . .	70
Ignorance itself is a <i>Plummet</i> o'er me . . . . .	70
thou shalt eat a <i>Posset</i> to-night. . . . .	71
and she's a great lubberly <i>Boy</i> . . . . .	71

and cried Mum, and she cried <i>Budget</i>	. . . . .	Page	71
it was not Anne, but a Postmasters <i>Boy</i>	. . . . .	„	71
I ha married one Garsoon, a <i>Boe : oon Pesant</i> , by gar	. . . . .	„	71
Ay be gar, and 'tis a <i>Boy</i>	. . . . .	„	72
Why went you not with Mr Doctor, <i>Maid</i> ?	. . . . .	„	72

Lines in the Merry Wives of Windsor containing Words whose  
Emphasis-Capitals escaped the Editors and Printers of the Third  
Folio (1664.)

	Page
I was then <i>Frugal</i> of my mirth . . . . .	16
I'll <i>Exhibit</i> a Bill in the Parliament . . . . .	,, 16
all <i>Musk</i> , and so rushing . . . . .	,, 23
unless <i>Experience</i> be a jewel . . . . .	,, 26
keep a <i>Gamester</i> from the dice . . . . .	,, 32
I hope I have your good will, <i>Father Page</i> . . . . .	,, 35
Being thus cram'd in the <i>Basket</i> . . . . .	,, 47
Next to be compass'd like a good <i>Bilbo</i> . . . . .	,, 47
nothing of <i>Fords</i> but his <i>Buck-basket</i> . . . . .	,, 69
<i>A Boy</i> , it is not <i>Anne Page</i> . . . . .	,, 71

Lines in The Merry Wives of Windsor containing Words  
 shewing New Emphasis-Capitals which appear in the Third Folio  
 (1664.)

	Page
All his <i>Successors</i> (gone before him) hath don't . . . . .	1
Ay, and her <i>Father</i> is make her a petter penny . . . . .	2
Wife, bid these <i>Gentlemen</i> welcome . . . . .	5
By <i>Cock</i> and <i>Pie</i> , you shall not choose, Sir . . . . .	8
humour me the <i>Angels</i> . . . . .	10
I have writ me here a <i>Letter</i> to her . . . . .	10
Then did the Sun on <i>Dunghill</i> shine . . . . .	10
here's another <i>Letter</i> to her . . . . .	10
How <i>Falstaff</i> ( <i>Varlet</i> <i>vile</i> ) . . . . .	11
you shall have sport, I will show you a <i>Monster</i> . . . . .	36
Help to cover your <i>Master</i> ( <i>Boy</i> ) . . . . .	39
O boy, thou had'st a <i>Father</i> . . . . .	43
I had a <i>Father</i> . . . . .	43
my <i>Uncle</i> can tell you . . . . .	43
a hundred and fifty pounds <i>Jointure</i> . . . . .	43
Come <i>Son</i> <i>Slender</i> , in . . . . .	44
Good <i>Mother</i> , do not marry me to yond fool . . . . .	44
they convey'd me into a <i>Buck-basket</i> . . . . .	47
as subject to heat as <i>Butter</i> . . . . .	47
Sir Hugh, my <i>Husband</i> says my <i>Son</i> profits nothing . . . . .	49
Hang-hog, is <i>Latin</i> for Bacon, I warrant you . . . . .	50
He is a better <i>Scholar</i> than I thought he was . . . . .	50
her <i>thrum'd</i> Hat, and her <i>Muffler</i> too . . . . .	52
put on the <i>Gown</i> the while . . . . .	53
I'll appoint my men to carry the <i>Basket</i> again . . . . .	53
let's go dress him like the <i>Witch</i> of <i>Brainford</i> . . . . .	53

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what they shall do with the <i>Basket</i> . . . . .	Page	53
Go sirs take the <i>Basket</i> again on your shoulders . . . . .	„	53
set down the <i>Basket</i> . . . . .	„	53
What <i>Wife</i> I say . . . . .	„	53
But let our plot go forward. Let our <i>Wives</i> . . . . .	„	57
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the <i>Cattle</i> , . . . . .	„	57
Nan <i>Page</i> (my daughter) and my little <i>Son</i> , . . . . .	„	58
The <i>Children</i> must . . . . .	„	58
And he, my <i>Husband</i> best of all affects . . . . .	„	59
his <i>Standing-bed</i> and <i>Truckle-bed</i> . . . . .	„	59
Divide me like a <i>Brib'd Buck</i> , each a <i>Haunch</i> : . . . . .	„	67
thou shalt eat a <i>Posset</i> tonight at my house, . . . . .	„	71

Lines in The Merry Wives of Windsor containing Words  
 whose Emphasis-Capitals escaped the Editors and Printers of the  
 Fourth Folio (1685.)

	Page
Oh heaven : This is Mistress Anne Page . . . . .	5
Yet <i>Heaven</i> may decrease it upon better acquaintance . . . . .	,, 7
and a <i>Boy</i> yet, till my Mother be dead . . . . .	,, 7
I pray you <i>Sir</i> walk in . . . . .	,, 7
She bears the <i>Purse</i> too . . . . .	,, 10
I will be <i>Cheaters</i> to them both . . . . .	,, 10
What, John <i>Rugby</i> , I pray thee go to the <i>Casement</i> . . . . .	,, 11
at the latter end of a <i>Sea-cole-fire</i> . . . . .	,, 12
I'll do your <i>Master</i> what good I can . . . . .	,, 13
give him a show of comfort in his <i>Suit</i> . . . . .	,, 17
But these that accuse him in his intent . . . . .	,, 19
will you go <i>An-heirs</i> ? . . . . .	,, 20
and the <i>Boy</i> never need to understand anything . . . . .	,, 24
<i>Ingross'd</i> opportunities to meet her . . . . .	,, 26
or a <i>Thief</i> to walk my ambling gelding . . . . .	,, 28
Hector of Greece (my <i>Boy</i> ) . . . . .	,, 29
He will <i>Clapper-claw</i> thee tightly . . . . .	,, 30
where Mistress Ann Page is, at a Farm-house a <i>Feasting</i> . . . . .	,, 31
<i>Am I</i> subtle ? . . . . .	,, 33
<i>Am I</i> a Machivell ? . . . . .	,, 33
Come, lay their swords to pawn . . . . .	,, 33
And you shall one day find it . . . . .	,, 38
Or else I could not be in that mind . . . . .	,, 38
Go, take up these clothes here, quickly . . . . .	,, 39
That my husband is deceived, or Sir John . . . . .	,, 40
after we'll a <i>Birding</i> together . . . . .	,, 41

I ne'er made my Will yet (I thank <i>Heaven</i> ) . . . . .	Page	43
I am not such a sickly creature I give <i>Heaven</i> praise . . . . .	„	43
I would my <i>Master</i> had <i>Mistress Anne</i> . . . . .	„	44
<i>First</i> , an intolerable fright . . . . .	„	47
like a good <i>Bilbo</i> in the circumference of a <i>Peck</i> . . . . .	„	47
Master <i>Slender</i> is let the <i>Boys</i> leave to play . . . . .	„	49
<i>Hast thou no understandings for thy Cases</i> . . . . .	„	50
<i>Away with him, away with him</i> . . . . .	„	52
<i>My Intelligence is true</i> . . . . .	„	54
to this her <i>Mother's plot</i> . . . . .	„	63
play'd <i>Truant</i> , and whipt <i>Top</i> . . . . .	„	64
<i>Come, come, trib, trib</i> . . . . .	„	66
<i>Pinch him for his villainy</i> . . . . .	„	69

Lines in The Merry Wives of Windsor containing Words  
 shewing New Emphasis-Capitals which appear in the Fourth  
 Folio (1685).

	Page
in my simple <i>Conjectures</i> . . . . .	2
if Sir John Falstaff have committed <i>Disparagements</i> . . . . .	2
and will be glad to do my <i>Benevolence</i> . . . . .	2
to make <i>Atonements</i> and <i>Compromises</i> between you . . . . .	2
which is pretty <i>Virginity</i> . . . . .	2
'tis a good <i>Dog</i> . . . . .	3
<i>He</i> is good, and fair . . . . .	3
and we will afterwards 'ork upon the <i>Cause</i> . . . . .	4
never come in mine own great <i>Chamber</i> again . . . . .	4
I <i>Combat</i> challenge of this Latine Bilbo . . . . .	5
I had rather than <i>Forty</i> shillings I had my book of <i>Songs</i> . . . . .	5
<i>You</i> have not the book of <i>Riddles</i> about you, have you? . . . . .	6
I shall do that that is <i>Reason</i> . . . . .	6
as it shall become one that would do <i>Reason</i> . . . . .	6
upon your request (Cousin) in any <i>Reason</i> . . . . .	6
The <i>Dinner</i> is on the Table . . . . .	7
The <i>Dinner</i> attends you, Sir . . . . .	7
<i>Go</i> Sirha, for all you are my man . . . . .	7
O base <i>Hungarian</i> wight, . . . . .	9
I do mean to make love to Ford's <i>Wife</i> . . . . .	10
she has all the rule of her <i>Husband's</i> Purse . . . . .	10
And his soft <i>Couch</i> defile . . . . .	11
nor can do more with her, I thank <i>Heaven</i> . . . . .	14
<i>Have</i> not your <i>Worship</i> a <i>Wart</i> above your <i>Eye</i> ? . . . . .	15
we had an hour's talk of that <i>Wart</i> . . . . .	15
<i>Well-go-to</i> . . . . .	15

	Page
the next time we have confidence, and of other <i>Wooers</i> . . . . .	15
though Love use Reason for his <i>Precisian</i> , . . . . .	15
<i>Why</i> , he hath not been thrice in my Company . . . . .	16
<i>Why</i> , I'll exhibit a Bill in the Parliament . . . . .	16
perceive how I might be <i>Knighted</i> . . . . .	17
as long as I have an <i>Eye</i> to make difference . . . . .	17
praise <i>Womens</i> modesty . . . . .	17
and gave such orderly and well behav'd <i>Reproof</i> . . . . .	17
that I would have sworn his <i>Disposition</i> . . . . .	17
would have gone to the truth of his <i>Words</i> . . . . .	17
than the <i>Hundred Psalms</i> to the <i>Tune</i> of <i>Greensleeves</i> . . . . .	17
threw this <i>Whale</i> (with so many <i>Tuns</i> of <i>Oil</i> . . . . .	17
till the wicked fire of <i>Lust</i> have melted him . . . . .	17
in this mystery of ill <i>Opinions</i> . . . . .	17
<i>Letter for Letter</i> . . . . .	17
and these are of the <i>Second Edition</i> . . . . .	17
he cares not what he puts into the <i>Press</i> . . . . .	17
<i>What</i> doth he think of us? . . . . .	17
to wrangle with mine own <i>Honesty</i> . . . . .	17
unless he knew some <i>Strain</i> in me . . . . .	17
I will consent to act any <i>Villany</i> against him . . . . .	18
<i>Oh</i> that my husband saw this <i>Letter</i> . . . . .	18
Sir John affects thy <i>Wife</i> . . . . .	18
Why Sir, my <i>Wife</i> is not young . . . . .	18
Love my <i>Wife</i> ? . . . . .	18
Take heed, have open <i>Eye</i> , . . . . .	18
he loves your <i>Wife</i> . . . . .	18
and Falstaff loves your <i>Wife</i> . . . . .	18
here's a fellow frights English out of his <i>Wits</i> . . . . .	19
I never heard such a drawling affecting <i>Rogue</i> . . . . .	19
If I do find it, <i>Well</i> , . . . . .	19
you heard what this <i>Knave</i> told me, did you not? . . . . .	19
in his intent toward our <i>Wives</i> . . . . .	19
are a <i>Yoke</i> of his discarded men . . . . .	19

	Page
very <i>Rogues</i> , now they be out of service . . . . .	19
if he should intend this <i>Voyage</i> toward my <i>Wife</i> . . . . .	,, 19
I do not misdoubt my <i>Wife</i> . . . . .	,, 20
We have sport in hand . . . . .	,, 20
hath had the measuring of their <i>Weapons</i> . . . . .	,, 20
only for a <i>Jest</i> . . . . .	,, 20
and stands so firmly on his <i>Wives</i> frailty . . . . .	,, 21
Why then the <i>World's</i> mine <i>Oyster</i> . . . . .	,, 21
Reason, you <i>Rogue</i> , Reason . . . . .	,, 21
At a word, hang no more about me . . . . .	,, 21
I am no <i>Gibbet</i> for you . . . . .	,, 21
you'll not bear a Letter for me, you <i>Rogue</i> ? . . . . .	,, 21
Why, thou unconfinable baseness . . . . .	,, 21
will ensconce your <i>Rags</i> . . . . .	,, 22
your <i>Red-Lattice Phrases</i> , and your bold beating <i>Oaths</i> . . . . .	,, 22
What would thou more of man? . . . . .	,, 22
here's a <i>Woman</i> would speak with you . . . . .	,, 22
Not so, and't please your <i>Worship</i> . . . . .	,, 22
shall I vouchsafe your <i>Worship</i> a word, or two? . . . . .	,, 22
Your <i>Worship</i> says very true . . . . .	,, 22
pray your <i>Worship</i> come a little nearer this ways . . . . .	,, 22
<i>Heaven</i> bless them, and make them his <i>Servants</i> . . . . .	,, 22
they could never get an <i>Eye-wink</i> of her . . . . .	,, 23
could never get her so much as sip on a <i>Cup</i> . . . . .	,, 23
<i>Alas</i> , the sweet <i>woman</i> leads an ill life with him . . . . .	,, 23
a civil modest <i>Wife</i> . . . . .	,, 23
and she bade me tell your <i>Worship</i> . . . . .	,, 23
surely I think you have <i>Charms</i> . . . . .	,, 23
I have no other <i>Charms</i> . . . . .	,, 23
has <i>Ford's</i> <i>Wife</i> , and <i>Page's</i> <i>Wife</i> acquainted each other . . . . .	,, 24
never a <i>Wife</i> in <i>Windsor</i> leads a better life . . . . .	,, 24
you must send her your <i>Page</i> , no <i>Remedy</i> . . . . .	,, 24
have discretion, as they say, and know the <i>World</i> . . . . .	,, 24
<i>Go thy ways</i> . . . . .	,, 24

Wilt thou after the expense of so much money . . . . .	Page	24
hath sent your <i>Worship</i> a mornings draught of Sack . . . . .	„	24
<i>Give us leave, Drawer</i> . . . . .	„	25
that I may pass with a <i>Reproof</i> the easier . . . . .	„	25
how easy it is to be such an <i>Offender</i> . . . . .	„	25
<i>Briefly, I have pursued her as Love has pursued me</i> . . . . .	„	26
<i>I have lost my Edifice, by mistaking the place</i> . . . . .	„	26
<i>there is shrewd Construction made of her</i> . . . . .	„	26
<i>You are a Gentleman of excellent Breeding</i> . . . . .	„	26
admirable <i>Discourse</i> . . . . .	„	26
Authentic in your <i>Place and Person</i> . . . . .	„	26
many <i>War-like, Court-like, and Learned Preparations</i> . . . . .	„	26
to the honesty of this <i>Ford's Wife</i> . . . . .	„	27
to the vehemency of your <i>Affection</i> . . . . .	„	27
on the <i>Excellency</i> of her <i>honor</i> . . . . .	„	27
her <i>Purity, her Reputation, her Marriage Vow</i> . . . . .	„	27
<i>Ford's Wife</i> . . . . .	„	27
for the which his <i>Wife</i> seems to me well favour'd . . . . .	„	27
and there's my <i>Harvest home</i> . . . . .	„	27
<i>Hang him, mechanical-salt-butter Rogue</i> . . . . .	„	28
<i>I will stare him out of his Wits</i> . . . . .	„	28
<i>I will awe him with my Cudgel</i> . . . . .	„	28
<i>I will predominate over the Peasant</i> . . . . .	„	28
<i>Ford's a Knave</i> . . . . .	„	28
<i>shalt know him for Knave and Cuckold</i> . . . . .	„	28
<i>Who says this is improvident jealousy?</i> . . . . .	„	28
<i>my Wife hath sent to him</i> . . . . .	„	28
<i>my Bed shall be abus'd</i> . . . . .	„	28
<i>my Reputation gnawn at</i> . . . . .	„	28
<i>the adoption of abominable Terms</i> . . . . .	„	28
<i>Terms, Names</i> . . . . .	„	28
<i>the Devil himself hath not such a Name</i> . . . . .	„	28
<i>he will trust his Wife</i> . . . . .	„	28
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THE  
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

---

*Actus primus, Scena prima.*

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*Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Evans, Master Page, Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, Anne Page, Mistress Ford, Mistress Page, Simple.*

*Shallow.* Sir *Hugh*, persuade me not: I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if he were twenty *Sir John Falstaffs*, he shall not abuse *Robert Shallow* Esquire.

*Slen.* In the County of *Glocester*, Justice of Peace and Coram.

*Shal.* Ay (Cousin *Slender*) and *Cust-alorum*.

*Slen.* Ay, and *Rato lorum* too; and a Gentleman born (Master Parson) who writes himself *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero*.

*Shal.* Ay that I do, and have done any time these three hundred years.

*Slen.* All his successors (gone before him) hath don't: and all his Ancestors (that come after him) may: they may give the dozen white Luces in their Coat.

*Shal.* It is an old Coat.

*Evans.* The dozen white Lowses do become an old Coat well: it agrees well passant: It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies Love.

*Shal.* The Luse is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish, is an old Coat.

*Slen.* I may quarter (Coz).

*Shal.* You may, by marrying.

*Evans.* It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

*Shal.* Not a whit.

*Evan.* Yes per-lady: if he ha's a quarter of your coat, there is but three Skirts for your self, in my simple conjectures; but that is all one: if Sir *John Falstaff* have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

*Shal.* The Council shall hear it, it is a Riot.

*Evan.* It is not meet the Council hear a Riot: there is no fear of Got in a Riot: The Council (look you) shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a Riot: take your viza-ments in that.

*Shal.* Ha; o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

*Evans.* It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings goot discretions with it. There is *Anne Page*, which is daughter to Master *Thomas Page*, which is pretty virginity.

*Slen.* *Mistress Anne Page?* she has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

*Evans.* It is that ferry person for all the orld, as just as you will desire, and seven hundred pounds of Moneys, and Gold, and Silver, is her Grand-sire upon his deaths-bed, (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old. It were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master *Abraham*, and *Mistress Anne Page*.

*Slen.* Did her Grand-sire leave her seven hundred pound?

*Evan.* Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

*Slen.* I know the young Gentlewoman, she has good gifts.

*Evan.* Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.

*Shal.* Well, let us see honest *Mr Page*: is *Fulstaff* there?

*Evan.* Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a lier, as I do despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true: the Knight Sir *John* is there, and I beseech you be ruled by

your well-willers: I will peat the door for Mr *Page*. What hoa? Got-pless your house here.

*Mr Page*. Who's there?

*Evan*. Here is go't's plessing and your friend, and Justice *Shallow*, and here young Master *Slender*: that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

*Mr Page*. I am glad to see your Worships well: I thank you for my Venison Master *Shallow*.

*Shal*. Master *Page*, I am glad to see you: much good do it your good heart: I wish'd your Venison better, it was ill kill'd: how doth good Mistress *Page*? and I thank you always with my heart, la: with my heart.

*M. Pa.* Sir, I thank you.

*Shal*. Sir, I thank you: by yea, and no I do.

*M. Pa.* I am glad to see you, good Master *Slender*.

*Slen*. How does your fallow Greyhound, Sir, I heard say he was out-run on *Cotfall*.

*M. Pa.* It could not be judg'd, Sir.

*Slen*. You'll not confess: you'll not confess.

*Shal*. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault: 'tis a good dog.

*M. Pa.* A Cur, Sir.

*Shal*. Sir: he's a good dog, and a fair dog, can there be more said? he is good, and fair. Is Sir *John Falstaff* here?

*M. Pa.* Sir, he is within: and I would I could do a good office between you.

*Evan*. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

*Shal*. He hath wrong'd me (Master *Page*.)

*M. Pa.* Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

*Shal*. If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is not that so (M. *Page*?) he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath: believe me, *Robert Shallow* Esquire, saith he is wronged.

*Ma. Pa.* Here comes Sir *John*.

*Fal*. Now, Master *Shallow*, you'll complain of me to the King?

*Shal*. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my Lodge.

*Fal.* But not kiss'd your Keeper's daughter ?

*Shal.* Tut, a pin : this shall be answer'd.

*Fal.* I will answer it straight, I have done all this :  
That is now answer'd.

*Shal.* The Councel shall know this.

*Fal.* 'Twere better for you if it were known in councel :  
you'll be laugh'd at.

*Eva.* *Pauca verba* ; (Sir John) good worts.

*Fal.* Good worts ? good Cabidge ; *Slender*, I broke your  
head : what matter have you against me ?

*Slen.* Marry sir, I have matter in my head against you, and  
against your cony-catching Rascals, *Bardolf*, *Nym*, and *Pistol*.

*Bar.* You Banbery Cheese.

*Slen.* Ay, it is no matter.

*Pist.* How now, *Mephostophilus* ?

*Slen.* Ay, it is no matter.

*Nym.* Slice, I say ; *pauca*, *pauca* : Slice, that's my humor.

*Slen.* Where's *Simple* my man ? can you tell, Cousen ?

*Eva.* Peace, I pray you : now let us understand : there is  
three Umpires in this matter, as I understand ; that is,  
Master *Page* (fidelicet Master *Page*,) and there is my self,  
(fidelicet my self) and the three party is (lastly, and finally)  
mine Host of the Gater.

*Ma. Pa.* We three to hear it, and end it between them.

*Evan.* Ferry goo't, I will make a prief of it in my note-  
book, and we will afterwards ork upon the cause, with as  
great discreetly as we can.

*Fal. Pistol.*

*Pist.* He hears with ears.

*Evan.* The Tevil and his Tam : what phrase is this ? he  
hears with ear ? why, it is affectations.

*Fal. Pistol,* did you pick M. *Slender*'s purse ?

*Slen.* Ay, by these gloves did he, or I would I might never  
come in mine own great chamber again else, of seven groats  
in mill-sixpences, and two *Edward* Shovelboards, that cost me  
two shilling and two pence a piece of *Yead Miller* : by these  
gloves.

*Fal.* Is this true, *Pistol*?

*Evan.* No, it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

*Pist.* Ha, thou mountain Forreyner: Sir *John*, and Master mine, I combat challenge of this Latin Bilbo: word of denial in thy *labras* here; word of denial; froth, and scum thou liest.

*Slen.* By these gloves, then 'twas he.

*Nym.* Be avis'd sir, and pass good humours: I will say marry trap with you, if you run the nut-hooks humor on me, that is the very note of it.

*Slen.* By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

*Fal.* What say you *Scarlet*, and *John*?

*Bar.* Why sir, (for my part) I say the Gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

*Ev.* It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is.

*Bar.* And being fap, sir, was (as they say) casheerd: and so conclusions past the Car-eires.

*Slen.* Ay, you spake in Latten then too: but 'tis no matter; I'll nere be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

*Evan.* So got-udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

*Fal.* Your hear all these matters deni'd, Gentlemen; you hear it.

*Mr Page.* Nay daughter, carry the wine in, we'll drink within.

*Slen.* Oh heaven: This is Mistress *Anne Page*.

*Mr Page.* How now Mistress *Ford*?

*Fal.* Mistress *Ford*, by my troth you are very well met: by your leave good Mistress.

*Mr Page.* Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: come, we have a hot Venison pasty to dinner; Come gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

*Slen.* I had rather than forty shillings I had my book of Songs and Sonnets here: How now *Simple*, where have you

been ? I must wait on my self, must I ? you have not the book of Riddles about you, have you ?

*Sim.* Book of Riddles ? why did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* upon Alhallowmas last, a fortnight a-fore Michaelmas.

*Shal.* Come Coz, come Coz, we stay for you : a word with you Coz : marry this, Coz : there is as 'twere a tender, a kind of tender, made a far-off by *Sir Hugh* here : do you understand me ?

*Slen.* Ay Sir, you shall find me reasonable ; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

*Shal.* Nay, but understand me.

*Slen.* So I do Sir.

*Evan.* Give ear to his motions ; (Mr *Slender*) I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

*Slen.* Nay, I will do as my Cozen *Shallow* says : I pray you pardon me, he's a Justice of l'peace in his Country, simple though I stand here.

*Evan.* But that is not the question : the question is concerning your marriage.

*Shal.* Ay, there's the point Sir.

*Ev.* Marry is it : the very point of it, to Mi. *An Page*.

*Slen.* Why if it be so ; I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

*Ev.* But can you affection the 'o-man, let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips : for divers Philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth : therefore precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid ?

*Sh.* Cosen *Abraham Slender*, can you love her ?

*Slen.* I hope sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

*Ev.* Nay, got's Lords, and his Ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry-her your desires towards her.

*Shal.* That you must :

Will you, (upon good dowry) marry her ?

*Slen.* I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request (Cosen) in any reason,

*Shal.* Nay conceive me, conceive me, (sweet Coz): what I do is to pleasure you (Coz:) can you love the maid?

*Slen.* I will marry her (Sir) at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope upon familiarity will grow more content: but if you say mary-her, I will mary-her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

*Ev.* It is a ferry discretion-answer; save the fall is in the 'ord, dissolutely: the ort is (according to our meaning) resolutely: his meaning is good.

*Sh.* Ay: I think my Cosen meant well.

*Sl.* Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd (la.)

*Sh.* Here comes fair Mistress *Anne*; would I were young for your sake, Mistress *Anne*.

*An.* The dinner is on the Table, my Father desires your worship's company.

*Sh.* I will wait on him, (fair Mistress *Anne*.)

*Ev.* Od's plessed-will: I will not be absence at the grace.

*An.* Wil't please your worship to come in, Sir?

*Sl.* No, I thank you forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

*An.* The dinner attends you, Sir.

*Sl.* I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth: go, Sirha, for all you are my man, go wait upon my Cousin *Shallow*: a Justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend, for a Man; I keep but three Men, and a Boy yet, till my Mother be dead: but what though, yet I live like a poor Gentleman born.

*An.* I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

*Sl.* I'faith, I'll eat nothing: I thank you as much as though I did.

*An.* I pray you Sir walk in.

*Sl.* I had rather walk here (I thank you) I bruis'd my shin th' other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Master of Fence (three venneys for a dish of stewed Prunes) and by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there Bears ith' Town?

*An.* I think there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

*Sl.* I love the sport well, but I shall as soon quarrel at it, as any man in *England*: you are afraid if you see the Bear loose, are you not?

*An.* Ay indeed Sir.

*Sl.* That's meat and drink to me now: I have seen *Sackerson* loose, twenty times, and have taken him by the Chain: but (I warrant you) the women have so cried and shrek'd at it, that it past: But women indeed, cannot abide'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

*Ma. Pa.* Come, gentle *M. Slender*, come; we stay for you.

*Sl.* I'll eat nothing, I thank you Sir.

*Ma. Pa.* By cock and pie, you shall not choose, Sir: come, come.

*Sl.* Nay, pray you lead the way.

*Ma. Pa.* Come on, Sir.

*Sl.* Mistress *Anne*: your self shall go first.

*An.* Not I Sir, pray you keep on.

*Sl.* Truly I will not go first: truly—la: I will not do you that wrong.

*An.* I pray you Sir.

*Sl.* I'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome: you do yourself wrong indeed—la.

*Exeunt.*

*Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Evans, and Simple.*

*Ev.* Go your ways, and ask of Doctor *Caius* house, which is the way; and there dwells one Mistress *Quickly*; which is in the manner of his Nurse; or his dry-Nurse; or his Cook; or his Laundry; his Washer, and his Ringer.

*Si.* Well Sir.

*Ev.* Nay, it is petter yet: give her this letter; for it is a'oman that altogeathers acquaintance with Mistress *Anne Page*; and the Letter is to desire, and require her to solicit your Master's desires, to Mistress *Anne Page*: I pray you be

gone: I will make an end of my dinner; there's Pippins and Cheese to come.

*Exeunt.*

---

*Scena Tertia.*

---

*Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolf, Nym, Pistol, Page.*

*Fal.* Mine *Host* of the *Garter*.

*Ho.* What says my *Bully Rook*? speak scholarly, and wisely.

*Fal.* Truly mine *Host*; I must turn away some of my followers.

*Ho.* Discard, (*bully Hercules*) cashier; let them wag; trot, trot.

*Fal.* I sit at ten pounds a week.

*Ho.* Thou'rt an Emperor (*Cesar, Keiser* and *Pheazar*) I will entertain *Bardolf*: he shall draw; he shall tap; said I well (*bully Hector*?)

*Fal.* Do so (good mine *Host*).

*Ho.* I have spoke: let him follow: let me see thee froth, and live: I am at a word: follow.

*Fal.* *Bardolf*, follow him: a *Tapster* is a good trade: an old Cloak, makes a new Jerkin: a wither'd Serving-man, a fresh Tapster: go, adieu.

*Ba.* It is a life that I have desir'd: I will thrive.

*Pist.* O base hungarian wight: wilt thou the spigot wield?

*Ni.* He was gotten in drink: is not the humor conceited?

*Fal.* I am glad I am so acquit of this *Tinderbox*: his *Thefts* were too open: his filching was like an unskilful Singer, he kept not time.

*Ni.* The good humor is to steal at a minutes rest.

*Pist.* Convey: the wise it call: Steal? foh: a fico for the phrase.

*Fal.* Well sirs, I am almost out at heels.

*Pist.* Why then let Kibes ensue.

*Fal.* There is no remedy: I must conicatch, I must shift.

*Pist.* Young Ravens must have food.

*Fal.* Which of you know *Ford* of this Town?

*Pist.* I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

*Fal.* My honest Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

*Pist.* Two yards, and more.

*Fal.* No quips now *Pistol*: (Indeed I am in the waste two yards about: but I am now about no waste: I am about thrift) briefly: I do mean to make love to *Ford's* wife: I spy entertainment in her: she discourses: she carves: she gives the leer of invitation. I can construe the action of her familier style, and the hardest voice of her behaviour (to be english'd rightly) is, *I am Sir John Falstaf*.

*Pist.* He hath studied her will; and translated her will: out of honesty, into English.

*Ni.* The Anchor is deep: will that humor pass?

*Fal.* Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's Purse: he hath a legend of Angels.

*Pist.* As many divels entertain: and to her Boy say I.

*Ni.* The humor rises: it is good: humor me the angels.

*Fal.* I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to *Page's* wife, who even now gave me good eyes too; examin'd my parts with most judicious illiads: sometimes the beam of her view, gilded my foot: sometimes my portly belly.

*Pist.* Then did the Sun on dung-hill shine.

*Ni.* I thank thee for that humour.

*Fal.* O she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass: here's another letter to her: She bears the Purse too: She is a Region in *Guiana*: all gold, and bounty: I will be Cheaters to them both, and they shall be Exchequers to me: they shall be my East and West Indies; and I will trade to them both: Go, bear thou this Letter to Mistress *Page*; and thou this to Mistress *Ford*: we will thrive (Lads) we will thrive.

*Pist.* Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become,  
And by my side wear Steel? then Lucifer take all.

*Ni.* I will run no base humor: here take the humor-Letter; I will keep the havior of reputation,

*Fal.* Hold Sirha, bear you these Letters tightly,  
 Sail like my Pinnasse to these golden shores.  
 Rogues, hence, avaunt, vanish like hail-stones; go,  
 Trudge; plod away ith' hoof: seek shelter, pack:  
*Falstaff* will learn the honor of the age,  
 French-thrift, you Rogues, my self, and skirted *Page*.

*Pist.* Let Vultures gripe thy guts: for gourd, and  
 Fullam holds: and high and low beguiles the rich and poor,  
 Tester I'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack,  
 Base *Phrygian* Turk.

*Ali.* I have opperations,  
 Which be humors of revenge.

*Pist.* Wilt thou revenge?

*Ni.* By Welkin, and her Star.

*Pist.* With wit, or Steel?

*Nil.* With both the humors, I:  
 I will discuss the humour of this Love to *Ford*.

*Pist.* And I to *Page* shall eke unfold  
 How *Falstaff* (varlet vile)  
 His Dove will prove; his gold will hold,  
 And his soft couch defile.

*Ni.* My humour shall not cool: I will incense *Ford* to deal  
 with poison: I will possess him with yallowness, for the revolt  
 of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

*Pist.* Thou art the *Mars* of *Malecontents*: I second thee:  
*Exeunt.*

---

*Scena Quarta.*

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*Enter Mistress Quickly, Simple, John Rugby, Doctor, Caius,  
 Fenton.*

*Qu.* What, *John Rugby*, I pray thee go to the Casement, and  
 see if you can see my Master, Master Doctor *Caius* coming:  
 if he do (I'faith) and find any body in the house; here will be  
 an old abusing of God's patience and the King's English.

*Ru.* I'll go watch,

*Qu.* Go, and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, (in faith) at the latter end of a Sea-cole-fire: An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal: and I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but no body but has his fault: but let that pass. *Peter Simple*, you say your name is?

*Si.* Ay: for fault of a better.

*Qu.* And Master *Slender's* your Master?

*Si.* Ay forsooth.

*Qu.* Do's he not wear a great round Beard, like a Glover's pairing-knife?

*Si.* No forsooth: he hath but a little wee-face; with a little yellow Beard: a Cain colour'd Beard.

*Qu.* A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

*Si.* Ay forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head: he hath fought with a Warrener.

*Qu.* How say you: oh, I should remember him: do's he not hold up his head (as it were?) and strut in his gate?

*Si.* Yes indeed does he.

*Qu.* Well, heaven send *Anne Page*, no worse fortune: Tell Master Parson *Evans*, I will do what I can for your Master: *Anne* is a good girl, and I wish——

*Ru.* Out alas: here comes my Master.

*Qu.* We shall all be shent: Run in here, good young man: go into this Closet: he will not stay long: what *John Rugby*? *John*: what *John* I say? go *John*, go enquire for my Master. I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home: (*and down, down, adown'a, &c.*)

*Ca.* Vat is you sing? I do not like des-toys: pray you go and vetch me in my Closset, vnboyteene verd; a Box, a green-a-Box: do intend vat I speak? a-green-a-Box.

*Qu.* Ay forsooth I'll fetch it to you: I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man he would have been horn-mad.

*Ca.* *Fe, fe, fe, fe, mai soy, il fait for chaudo, le man voi a le Court la grand affaires.*

*Qu.* Is it this Sir?

*Ca.* *Ouy mette le au mon pocket, de-peech quickly:*

*Vere* is dat knave *Rugby*?

*Qu.* What *John Rugby, John?*

*Ru.* Here Sir.

*Ca.* You are *John Rugby*, aad you are *Jack Rugby*: Come, take-a-your Rapier, and come after my heel to the Court.

*Ru.* 'Tis ready Sir, here in the Porch.

*Ca.* By my trot: I tarry too long: od's-me: *que ay ie oublie*: dere is some Simples in my Closset, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

*Qu.* Ay-me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

*Ca.* *O Diable, Diable:* vat is in my Closset?

*Villanie, La-roone:* *Rugby*, my Rapier.

*Qu.* Good Master be content.

*Ca.* Wherfore shall I be content—a?

*Qu.* The young man is an honest man.

*Ca.* What shall de honest man do in my Closset: dere is no honest man dat shall come in my Closset.

*Qu.* I beseech you be not so flegmatic: hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me, from Parson *Hugh*.

*Ca.* Vell.

*Si.* Ay forsooth: to desire her to—

*Qu.* Peace, I pray you.

*Ca.* Peace a-your-tongue: speak-a-your Tale.

*Si.* To desire this honest Gentlewoman (your Maid) to speak a good word to Mistress *Anne Page*, for my Master in the way of Marriage.

*Qu.* This is all indeed—la: but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

*Ca.* Sir *Hugh* send-a you? *Rugby*, ballow me some paper: tarry you a littell-a-while.

*Qui.* I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been throughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy: but notwithstanding man, I'll do you your Master what good I can: and the very yea, and the no is, the French Doctor my Master, (I may call him my Master, look you, for I keep his

house; and I wash, ring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself.)

*Simp.* 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

*Qui.* Are you avis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early, and down late: but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your ear, I would have no words of it) my Master himself is in love with Mistress *Anne Page*: but notwithstanding that I know *An's* mind, that's neither here nor there.

*Caius.* You, Jack 'Nape: give-a this Letter to Sir *Hugh*, by gar it is a shallenge: I will cut his troat in de Park, and I will teach a scurvy Jack-a-nape Priest to meddle, or make:—you may be gone: it is not good you tarry here: by gar I will cut all his two stones: by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog.

*Qui.* Alas: he speaks but for his friend.

*Caius.* It is no matter 'a ver dat: do not you tell-a-me dat I shall have *Anne Page* for my self? by gar, I vill kill de Jack-Priest: and I have appointed mine Host of de Jartere to measure our weapon: by gar, I will my self have *Anne Page*.

*Qui.* Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: We must give folks leave to prate: what the good-jer.

*Caius.* *Rugby*, come to the Court with me: by gar, if I have not *Anne Page*, I shall turn your head out of my door: follow my heels, *Rugby*.

*Qui.* You shall have *An-fool's* head of your own: No, I know *An's* mind for that: never a woman in *Windsor* knows more of *An's* mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

*Fenton.* Who's within there, hoa?

*Qui.* Who's there, I troa? Come near the house I pray you.

*Fen.* How now (good woman) how dost thou?

*Qui.* The better that it pleases your good Worship to ask?

*Fen.* What news? how does pretty Mistress *Anne*?

*Qui.* In truth Sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle,

and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heaven for it.

*Fen.* Shall I do any good thinkst thou? shall I not lose my suit?

*Qui.* Troth Sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding (Master *Fenton*) I'll be sworn on a book she loves you: have not your Worship a wart above your eye?

*Fen.* Yes marry have I, what of that?

*Qui.* Well, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is such another *Nan*; (but (I detest) an honest maid as ever broke bread: we had an hour's talk of that wart; I shall never laugh but in that maid's company: but (indeed) she is given too much to *Allicholly* and musing: but for you—well—go to—

*Fen.* Well: I shall see her to-day: hold, there's money for thee: Let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me. —

*Qui.* Will I? I faith that we will: And I will tell your Worship more of the Wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

*Fen.* Well, fare-well, I am in great haste now.

*Qui.* Fare-well to your Worship: truly an honest Gentleman: but *Anne* loves hiim not: for I know *An's* mind as well as another does: out upon't: what have I forgot?

*Exit.*

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*Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.*

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*Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, Master Page, Master Ford, Pistol, Nim, Quickly, Host, Shallow.*

*Mist. Page.* What, have scaped Love-letters in the holy-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? let me see?

*Ask me no reason why I love you, for though Love use Reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his Counsellor: you are*

*not young, no more am I: go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I: ha, ha, then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I: would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee (Mistress Page) at the least if the Love of Soldier can suffice, that I love thee: I will not say pity me, 'tis not a Soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me:*

*By me, thine own true Knight, by day or night;  
Or any kind of light, with all his might,  
For thee to fight.* *John Falstaff.*

What a *Herod of Jewry* is this? O wicked, wicked world: One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age To show himself a young Gallant? What an unweighed Behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pickt (with The Devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares In this manner assay me? why, he hath not been thrice In my Company: what should I say to him? I was then Frugal of my mirth: (heaven forgive me:) why I'll Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting down of men: how shall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be? as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

*Mis. Ford. Mistress Page,* trust me, I was going to your house.

*Mis. Page.* And trust me, I was coming to you: you look very ill.

*Mis. Ford.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

*Mis. Page.* 'Faith but you do in my mind.

*Mis. Ford.* Well: I do then: yet I say, I could shew you to the contrary: O *Mistress Page*, give me some counsel.

*Mis. Page.* What's the matter, woman?

*Mis. Ford.* O woman: if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

*Mis. Page.* Hang the trifles (woman) take the honour: what is it? dispense with trifles: what is it?

*Mis. Ford.* If I would but go to hell, for an eternal moment, or so: I could be knighted.

*Mis. Page.* What thou liest? Sir *Alice Ford*? these Knights

will hack, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy Gentry.

*Mi. Ford.* We burn day-light: here; read, read: perceive how I might be knighted, I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of mens liking: and yet he would not swear: praise womens modesty: and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere and keep place together, than the hundred Psalms to the tune of Greensleeves: What tempest (I troa) threw this Whale, (with so many Tuns of oil in his belly) a'shore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were, to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease: Did you ever hear the like?

*Mis. Page.* Letter for letter; but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs: to thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twyn-brother of thy Letter: but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine never shall: I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ with blank-space for different names (sure more): and these are of the second edition: he will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two: I had rather be a Giantess, and lie under Mount *Pelion*: Well; I will find you twenty lascivious Turtles ere one chaste man.

*Mis. Ford.* Why this is the very same: the very hand: the very words: what doth he think of us?

*Mis. Page.* Nay I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty: I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal: for sure unless he know some strain in me, that I know not my self, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

*Mi. Ford.* Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

*Mi. Page.* So will I: if he come under my hatches, I'll never to Sea again: Let's be reveng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting: give him a show of comfort in his Suit, and

lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

*Mis. Ford.* Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty: oh that my husband saw this Letter: it would give eterual food to his jealousy.

*Mis. Page.* Why look where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause, and that (I hope) is an unmeasurable distance.

*Mis. Ford.* You are the happier woman.

*Mis. Page.* Let's consult together against this greasy Knight: Come hither.

*Ford.* Well: I hope, it be not so.

*Pist.* Hope is a curtall-dog in some affairs: Sir *John* affects thy wife.

*Ford.* Why sir, my wife is not young.

*Pist.* He woos both high and low, both rich and poor, both young and old, one with another (*Ford*) he loves the Gally-mawfry (*Ford*) perpend.

*Ford.* Love my wife?

*Pist.* With liver, burning hot: prevent: Or go thou like Sir *Acteon* he, with Ring-wood at thy heels: O, odious is the name.

*Ford.* What name Sir?

*Pist.* The horn I say: Farewell: Take heed, have open eye, for thieves do foot by night. Take heed, ere summer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do sing. Away sir Corporal *Nim*: Believe it (*Page*) he speaks sense.

*Ford.* I will be patient: I will find out this.

*Nim.* And this is true: I like not the humor of lying: he hath wronged me in some humors: I should have borne the humour'd Letter to her: but I have a sword: and it shall bite upon my necessity: he loves your wife; There's the short and the long: My name is Corporal *Nim*: I speak, and I avouch; 'tis true: my name is *Nim*: and *Falstaff* loves your wife: adieu, I love not the humour of bread and cheese: adieu.

*Page.* The humour of it (quoth'a ?) here's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

*Ford.* I will seek out *Falstaff*.

*Page.* I never heard such a drawling-affecting rogue.

*Ford.* If I do find it : well.

*Page.* I will not believe such a *Cataian*, though the Priest o' th' Town commended him for a true man.

*Ford.* 'Twas a good sensible fellow : well.

*Page.* How now *Meg* ?

*Mist.* *Page.* Whither go you (*George* ?) hark you.

*Mis. Ford.* How now (sweet *Frank*) why art thou melancholy ?

*Ford.* I melancholy ? I am not melancholy :

Get you home : go.

*Mis. Ford.* Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head, Now : will you go, *Mistress Page* ?

*Mis. Page.* Have with you you'll come to dinner *George* ? Look who comes yonder : she shall be our Messenger to this paltry Knight.

*Mis. Ford.* Trust me, I thought on her : she'll fit it.

*Mis. Page.* You are come to see my daughter *Anne* ?

*Qui.* Ay forsooth : and I pray how does good *Mistress Anne* ?

*Mis. Page.* Go in with us and see : we have an hour's talk with you.

*Page.* How now Master *Ford* ?

*Ford.* You heard what this knave told me, did you not ?

*Page.* Yes, and you heard what the other told me ?

*Ford.* Do you think there is truth in them ?

*Pag.* Hang'em slaves : I do not think the Knight would offer it : But these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men : very rogues, now they be out of service.

*Ford.* Were they his men ?

*Page.* Marry were they.

*Ford.* I like it never the better for that,

Does he lie at the Garter ?

*Page.* Ay marry does he : if he should intend this voyage

toward my wife, I would turn her loose to him ; and what he gets more of her, than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

*Ford.* I do not misdoubt my wife : but I would be loath to turn them together : a man may be too confident : I would have nothing lie on my head : I cannot be thus satisfied.

*Page.* Look where my ranting-Host of the Garter comes : there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily : How now mine Host ?

*Host.* How now Bully-Rook : thou'rt a Gentleman Caveleiro Justice, I say.

*Shal.* I follow, (mine Host) I follow. Good-even, and twenty (good Master *Page.*) Master *Page*, will you go with us ? we have sport in hand.

*Host.* Tell him Caveleiro-Justice : tell him Bully-Rook.

*Shall.* Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between Sir *Hugh* the Welch Priest, and *Caius* the French Doctor.

*Ford.* Good mine Host o' th' Garter : a word with you.

*Host.* What sayst thou, my Bully-Rook ?

*Shal.* Will you go with us to behold it ? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their weapons ; and (I think) hath appointed them contrary places : for (believe me) I hear the Parson is no Jester : hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

*Host.* Hast thou no suit against my Knight ? my guest-Cavaleire ?

*Shal.* None, I protest : but I'll give you a pottle of burn'd sack, to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is *Broom* : only for a jest.

*Host.* My hand, (Bully :) thou shalt have egress and regress, (said I well ?) and thy name shall be *Broom*. It is a merry Knight : will you go An-heires ?

*Shal.* Have with you mine Host.

*Page.* I have heard the French-man hath good skill in his Rapier.

*Shal.* Tut sir : I could have told you more : In these times you stand on distance : your Passes, Stoccado's, and I know not what : 'tis the heart. (Master *Page*) 'tis here, 'tis here : I

have seen the time, with my long-sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like Rats.

*Host.* Here boys, here, here : shall we wag ?

*Page.* Have with you : I had rather hear them scold, than fight.

*Ford.* Though *Page* be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty ; yet, I cannot put-off my opinion so easily : she was in his company at *Page's* house : and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't, and I have a disguise, to sound *Falstaff* ; if I find her honest, I lose not my labor : if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed.

*Exeunt.*

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*Scena Secunda.*

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*Enter Falstaff, Pistol, Robin, Quickly, Bardolff, Ford.*

*Fal.* I will not lend thee a penny.

*Pist.* Why then the world's mine Oyster, which I, with sword will open.

*Fal.* Not a penny : I have been content (Sir,) you should lay my countenance to pawn : I have grated upon my good friends for three Reprieves for you, and your Coach-fellow *Nim* ; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a Gemini of Baboons : I am damn'd in hell, for swearing to Gentlemen my friends, you were good Soldiers, and tall-fellows. And when *Mistress Brigid* lost the handle of her Fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

*Pist.* Didst not thou share ? hadst thou not fifteen pence ?

*Fal.* Reason, you rogue, reason : thinkst thou I'll endanger my soul, *gratis* ? at a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you : go, a short knife and a throng, to your Manor of *Picket-hatch* : go, you'll not bear a Letter for me you rogue ? you stand upon your honor : why, (thou unconfinable baseness) it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my hononor precise : I, I, I my self sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven

on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am fain to shuffle: to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will en-sconce your rags: your Cat-a-Mountain-looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating-oaths, under the shelter of your honor? you will not do it? you?

*Pist.* I do relent: what would thou more of man?

*Robin.* Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

*Fal.* Let her approach.

*Qui.* Give your worship good morrow.

*Fal.* Good-morrow, good-wife.

*Qui.* Not so and't please your worship.

*Fal.* Good maid then.

*Qui.* I'll be sworn,

As my mother was the first hour I was born.

*Fal.* I do believe the swearer; what with me?

*Qui.* Shall I vouch-safe your worship a word, or two?

*Fal.* Two thousand (fair woman) and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

*Qui.* There is one Mistress *Ford*, (Sir) I pray come a little nearer this ways: I my self dwell with M. Doctor *Caius*:

*Fal.* Well, on; Mistress *Ford*, you say.

*Qui.* Your worship says very true: I pray your worship come a little nearer this ways.

*Fal.* I warrant thee, no-body hears: mine own people, mine own people.

*Qui.* Are they so? heaven-bless them, and make them his Servants.

*Fal.* Well; Mistress *Ford*, what of her?

*Qui.* Why, Sir; she's a good-creature; Lord, Lord, your Worship's a wanton: well: heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray—.

*Fal.* Mistress *Ford*: come, Mistress *Ford*.

*Qui.* Marry this is the short, and the long of it: you have brought her into such a Canaries, as 'tis wonderful: the best Courtier of them all (when the Court lay at *Windsor*) could never have brought her to such a Canary: yet there has been Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I

warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly ; all Musk, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold, and in such alligant terms, and in such wine and suger of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any womans heart : and I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her : I had my self twenty Angels given me this morning, but I defy all Angels (in any such sort, as they say) but in the way of honesty : and I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all, and yet there has been Earls : nay, (which is more) Pentioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.

*Fal.* But what says she to me ? be brief my good she-*Mercury*.

*Qui.* Marry, she hath receiv'd your Letter : for the which she thanks you a thousand times ; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house, between ten and eleven.

*Fal.* Ten, and eleven.

*Qui.* Ay, forsooth : and then you may come and see the picture (she says) that you wot of : Master *Ford* her husband will be from home : alas, the sweet woman leads an ill life with him : he's a very jealousy-man ; she leads a very fram-pold life with him, (good heart.)

*Fal.* Ten, and eleven.

Woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

*Qui.* Why, you say well : But I have another messenger to your worship : Mistress *Page* hath her hearty commendations to you too : and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in *Windsor*, who ere be the other : and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so doat upon a man ; surely I think you have charms, la : yes in truth.

*Fal.* Not I, I assure thee ; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

*Qui.* Blessing on your heart for't.

*Fal.* But I pray thee tell me this: has *Fords* wife, and *Pages* wife acquainted each other, how they love me?

*Qui.* That were a jest indeed: they have not so little grace I hope, that were a trick indeed. But Mistress *Page* would desire you to send her your little *Page* of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infectio to the little *Page*: and truly Master *Page* is an honest man: never a wife in *Windsor* leads a better life: then she do's; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and truly she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in *Windsor*, she is one: you must send her your *Page*, no remedy.

*Fal.* Why, I will.

*Qu.* Nay, but do so then: and look you, he may come and go between you both: and in any case have a nay-word, that that you may know one anothers mind, and the Boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

*Fal.* Farethee-well, commend me to them both: there's my purse, I am yet: thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman, this news distracts me.

*Pist.* This Punk is one of *Cupids* Carriers,  
Clap on more sails, pursue: up with your fights:  
Give fire: she is my prize, or Ocean whelm them all.

*Fal.* Say'st thou so (old *Jack*) go thy ways: I'll make more of thy old body than I have done: will they yet look after thee? wilt thou after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? good Body, I thank thee: let them say 'tis grossly done, so it be fairly done. no matter.

*Bar.* Sir *John*, there's one Master *Broom* below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a mornings draught of Sack.

*Fal.* *Broom* is his name?

*Bar.* Ay Sir.

*Fal.* Call him in: such *Brooms* are welcome to me, that

ore'flows such liquor: ah ha, Mistress *Ford* and Mistress *Page*, have I encompass'd you? go to, *via*.

*Ford.* 'Bless you sir.

*Fal.* And you sir, would you speak with me?

*Ford.* I make bold, to press, with so little preparation upon you.

*Fal.* You'r welcome, what's your will? give us leave *Drawer*.

*Ford.* Sir, I am a Gentleman that have spent much, my name is *Broom*.

*Fal.* Good Master *Broom*, I desire more acquaintance of you.

*Ford.* Good Sir *John*, I sue for yours. not to charge you, for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a Lender, than you are: the which hath something emboldned me to this unseason'd intrusion for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

*Fal.* Money is a good Soldier (Sir) and will on,

*Ford.* Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it (Sir *John*) take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

*Fal.* Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your Porter.

*Ford.* I will tell you sir, if you will give me the hearing.

*Fal.* Speak (good Master *Broom*) I shall be glad to be your Servant.

*Ford.* Sir, I hear you are a Scholar: (I will be brief with you) and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means as desire, to make my self acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but (good Sir *John*) as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the Register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you your self know how easy it is to be such an offender.

*Fal.* Very well Sir, proceed.

*Ford.* There is a Gentlewoman in this Town, her husbands name is *Ford*.

*Fal.* Well Sir

*Ford.* I have long lov'd her, and I protest to you, bestowed much on her: followed her with a doating observance: Ingross'd opportunities to meet her: fee'd every slight occasion that could but nigardly give me sight of her: not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursu'd her, as Love hath pursued me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions: but whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed I am sure I have received none, unless Experience be a Jewel, that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this,

*"Love like a shadow flies, when substance Love pursues,  
"Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues*

*Fal.* Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

*Ford.* Never.

*Fal.* Have you importun'd her to such a purpose?

*Ford.* Never

*Fal.* Of what quality was your love then?

*Ford.* Like a fair house, built on another mans ground, so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place, where I erected it.

*Fal.* To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

*For.* When I have told you that, I have told you all: Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now (Sir *John*) here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

*Fal.* O Sir.

*Ford.* Believe it, for you know it: there is money, spend it, spend it, spend more; spend all I have, only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to

the honesty of this *Fords* wife: use your Art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soon as any.

*Fal.* Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to your self very preposterously.

*Ford.* O, understand my drift: she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself: she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand; my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves, I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too-too strongly embattled against me: what say you to't, Sir *John*?

*Fal.* Master *Broom*, I will first make bold with your money: next, give me your hand: and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy *Fords* wife.

*Ford.* O good Sir.

*Fal.* I say you shall.

*Ford.* Want no money (Sir *John*) you shall want none.

*Fal.* Want no *Mistress Ford* (Master *Broom*) you shall want none: I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment, even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven: for at that time the jealous-rascally-knave her husband will be forth: come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed.

*Ford.* I am blest in your acquaintance: do you know *Ford* Sir?

*Fal.* Hang him (poor Cuckoldly knave) I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poor: They say the jealous wittolly-knave hath masses of money, for the which his wife seems to me well-favour'd: I will use her as the key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coffer, and there's my harvest-home.

*Ford.* I would you knew *Ford*, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

*Fal.* Hang him, mechanical-salt-butter rogue ; I will stare him out of his wits : I will awe-him with my cudgel : it shall hang like a Meteor oer the Cuckolds horus : Master *Broom*, thou shalt know, I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me soon at night : *Ford's* a knave, and I will aggravate his style : thou (Master *Broom*) shalt know him for knave, and Cuckold. Come to me soon at night.

*Ford.* What a damn'd Epicurian-Rascal is this ? my heart is ready to crack with impatience : who says this is improvident jealousy ? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fix'd, the match is made : would any man have thought this ? see the hell of having a false woman : my bed shall be abus'd, my Coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at, and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong : Terms, names : *Amaimon* sounds well : *Lucifer*, well : *Barbason*, well : yet they are Divels additions, the names of fiends : But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold ? the Devil himself hath not such a name. *Page* is an Ass, a secure Ass ; he will trnst his wife, he will not be jealous : I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my butter, Parson *Hugh* the *Welsh-man* with my Cheese, an *Irish-man* with my *Aqua-vitæ* bottle, or a Thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with her self. Then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises : and what they think in their hearts they may effect ; they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be prais'd for my jealousy : eleven o'clock the hour, I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on *Falstaff*, and laugh at *Page*. I will about it, better three hours too soon, than a mynute too late : fie, fie, fie : Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold. *Exit.*

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*Scena Tertia.*

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*Enter Caius, Rugby, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host.*

*Caius. Jack Rugby.*

*Rug. Sir.*

*Caius. Vat is the clock, Jack.*

*Rug. 'Tis past the hour (Sir) that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.*

*Cai. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no-come: he has pray his Pible well, dat he is no-come: by gar (*Jack Rugby*) he is dead already, if he be come.*

*Rug. He is wise Sir: he knew your worship would kill him if he came.*

*Cai. By gar, de herring is no dead, so I vill kill him: take your Rapier, (*Jack*) I vill tell you how I vill kill him.*

*Rug. Alas sir, I cannot fence.*

*Cai. Villany, take your Rapier.*

*Rug. Forbear: here's company.*

*Host. 'Bless thee, bully-Doctor.*

*Shal. 'Save you Mr. Doctor *Caius*.*

*Page. Now, good Mr. Doctor.*

*Slen. 'Give you good-morrow, sir.*

*Caius. Vat be all you one, two, tree, four, come for ?*

*Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foigne, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee pass thy puncto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant: Is he dead, my *Ethiopian* ? Is he dead, my *Francisco* ? ha Bully ? what says my *Esculapius* ? my *Galien* ? my heart of Elder ? ha ? is he dead bully-Stale ? is he dead ?*

*Cai. By gar, he is de Coward-Jack-Priest of de world: he is not show his face.*

*Host. Thou art a Castalion king-Urinal: *Hector* of *Greece* (my Boy)*

*Cai. I pray you bear witness, that me have stay, six or seven, two tree hours for him, and he is no-come.*

*Shal.* He is the wiser man (M. Docto) rhe is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies: if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: is it not true, Master *Page*?

*Page.* Master *Shallow*; you have your self been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

*Shal.* Body-kins M. *Page*, though I now be old, and of the peace; if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are Justices, and Doctors, and Church-men (M. *Page*) we have some salt of our youth in us, we are the sons of women (M. *Page*.)

*Page.* 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow*.

*Shal.* It will be found so, (M. *Page*;) M. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home: I am sworn of the peace: you have show'd your self a wise Physician, and Sir *Hugh* hath shown himself a wise and patient Church-man: you must go with me, M. Doctor.

*Host.* Pardon, Guest-Justice; a Mounseur Mock-water.

*Cai.* Mock-vater? vat is dat?

*Host.* Mock-water, in our English tongue, is Valour (Bully.)

*Cai.* By gar, then I have as much Mock-vater as de Englishman: scurvy-Jack-dog-Priest: by gar, me vill cut his ears.

*Host.* He will Clapper-claw thee tightly (Bully.)

*Cai.* Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

*Host.* That is, he will make thee amends.

*Cai.* By-gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me, for by-gar, me vill have it.

*Host.* And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

*Cai.* Me tanck you for dat.

*Host.* And moreover, (Bully) but first, Mr Ghuest, and M. *Page*, and eke Cavaleiro *Slender*, go you through the Town to *Frogmore*.

*Page.* Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

*Host.* He is there, see what humor he is in: and I will bring the Doctor about by the Fields: will it do well?

*Shal.* We will do it.

*All.* Adieu, good M. Doctor.

*Cai.* By-gar, me vill kill de Priest, for he speak for a Jack-an-Ape to *Anne Page*.

*Host.* Let him die: sheath thy impatience: throw cold water on thy Choler: go about the fields with me through *Frogmore*, I will bring thee where Mistress *Anne Page* is, at a Farm-house a Feasting: and thou shalt woo her: Cride-game, said I well?

*Cai.* By-gar, me dancke you vor dat: by gar I love you: and I shall procure'a you de good Guest: de Earl, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

*Host.* For the which, I will be thy adversary toward *Anne Page*: said I well?

*Cai.* By-gar, 'tis good: vell said.

*Host.* Let us wag then.

*Cai.* Come at my heels, *Jack Rugby*.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.*

*Enter Evans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Caius, Rugby.*

*Evans.* I pray you now, good Master *Slenders* serving-man, and friend *Simple* by your name; which way have you look'd for Master *Caius*, that calls himself Doctor of Physic.

*Sim.* Marry Sir, the pitty-ward, the Park-ward: every way: old *Windsor* way, and every way but the Town-way.

*Evan.* I most fehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

*Sim.* I will sir.

*Evan.* 'Pless my soul: how full of Cholors I am, and trembling of mind: I shall be glad if he have deceived me: how mielancholies I am? I will knog his Urinals about his knaves costard, when I have good opportunities for the ork: 'Pless my soul: *To shallow Rivers to whose falls: melodious Birds sings Madrigalls: There will we make our Peds of Roses: and a thousand fragrant posies. To shallow: 'Mercy on me,*

I have a great dispositions to cry, *Melodious birds sing Madrigalls:—When as I sat in Pabilon: and a thousand vagram Posies. To shallow, &c.*

*Sim.* Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir *Hugh*.

*Evan.* He's welcome: *To shallow Rivers, to whose falls: Heaven prosper the right: what weapons is he?*

*Sim.* No weapons, Sir: there comes my Master, Mr *Shallow*, and another Gentleman; from *Frogmore*, over the stile, this way.

*Evan.* Pray you give me my gown, or else keep it in your arms.

*Shal.* How now Master Parson? good Morrow good Sir *Hugh*: keep a Gamester from the dice, and a good Student from his book, and it is wonderful.

*Slen.* Ah sweet *Anne Page*.

*Page.* 'Save you, good Sir *Hugh*.

*Evan.* 'Pless you from his mercy-sake, all of you.

*Shal.* What? the Sword, and the Word?

Do you study them both, Mr. Parson?

*Page.* And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw-rumatick day?

*Evan.* There is reasons, and causes for it.

*Page.* We are come to you, to do a good office, Mr. Parson.

*Evan.* Fery-well: what is it?

*Page.* Yonder is a most reverend Gentleman; who (be-like) having r̄ ved wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

*Shal.* I have lived four-score years, and upward: I never heard a man of his pl̄ , gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

*Evan.* What is he?

*Page.* I think you know him: Mr. Doctor *Caius* the renowned French Physician.

*Evan.* Got's-will, and his passion of my heart: I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porredge.

*Page.* Why?

*Evan.* He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*,

and he is a knave besides: a cowardly knave, as you would  
desires to be acquainted withall.

*Page.* I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

*Slen.* O sweet *Anne Page.*

*Shal.* It appears so by his weapons: keep them asunder:  
here comes Doctor *Caius.*

*Page.* Nay good Mr. Parson, keep in your weapon.

*Shal.* So do you, good Mr. Doctor.

*Host.* Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep  
their limbs whole, and hack our English.

*Cai.* I pray you let-a-mee speak a word with your ear;  
wherefore vill you not meet-a me?

*Evan.* Pray you use your patience in good time.

*Cai.* By-gar, you are de Coward: de Jack dog: John Ape.

*Evan.* Pray you let us not be laughing-stocks to other  
mens humors: I desire you in friendship, and I will one  
way or other make you amends: I will knog your Urinal  
about your knaves Cogs-comb.

*Cai.* *Diable: Jack Rugby:* mine *Host de Jarteer:* have I not  
stay for him, to kill him? have I not at de place I did  
appoint?

*Evan.* As I am a Christians-soul, now look you: this is the  
place appointed, I'll be judgment by mine *Host of the Garter.*

*Host.* Peace, I say, *Gallia* and *Gaul*, *French* and *Welch*,  
Soul-Curer, and Body-Curer.

*Cai.* Ay, dat is very good, excellant.

*Host.* Peace, I say: hear mine Host of the Garter,  
Am I politic? Am I subtle? Am I a Machivell?  
Shall I lose my Doctor? No, he gives ~~me~~ the Potions and the  
Motions. Shall I lose my Parson? my Priest? my Sir *Hugh*?  
No, he gives me the Proverbs, and the No-verbs. Give me  
thy hand (Celestial) so: Boys of Art, I have deceiv'd you both.  
I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty,  
your skins are whole, and let burn'd Sack be the issue: Come,  
lay their swords to pawn: Follow me, Lad of peace, follow,  
follow, follow.

*Shal.* Trust me, a mad Host: follow Gentlemen, follow.

*Slen.* O sweet *Anne Page*.

*Cai.* Ha' do I perceive dat ? Have you make-a-de-sot of us, ha, ha ?

*Eva.* This is well, he has made us his vlotting-stog : I desire you that we may be friends : and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall-scurvy-cogging-companion the Host of the Garter.

*Cai.* By gar, with all my heart : he promise to bring me where is *Anne Page* : by gar he deceive me too.

*Evan.* Well, I will smite his noddles : pray you follow.

*Scena Secunda.*

*Mist. Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Evans, Caius.*

*Mist. Page.* Nay keep your way (little Gallant) you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a Leader : whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your masters heels ?

*Rob.* I had rather (forsooth) go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

*M. Pa.* O you are a flattering boy, now I see you'll be a Courtier.

*Ford.* Well met mistress *Page*, whether go you.

*M. Pa.* Truly Sir, to see your wife, is she at home ?

*Ford.* Ay, and as idle as she may hang together for want of company : I think if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

*M. Pa.* Be sure of that, two other husbands.

*Ford.* Where had you this pretty weather-cock ?

*M. Pa.* I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my husband had him of, what do you call your Knights name sirrah ?

*Rob.* Sir John Falstaff.

*Ford.* Sir John Falstaff.

*M. Pa.* He, he, I can never hit on's name ; there is such a

league between my goodman, and he : is your Wife at home indeed ?

*Ford.* Indeed she is.

*M. Pa.* By your leave sir, I am sick till I see her.

*Ford.* Has *Page* any brains ? Hath he any eyes ? Hath he any thinking ? Sure they sleep, he hath no use of them : why this boy will carry a letter twenty mile as easy, as a Canon will shoot point-blank twelve score : he pieces out his wife's inclination : he gives her folly motion and advantage : and now she's going to my wife, and *Falstaff's* boy with her : A man may hear this shower sing in the wind ; and *Falstaff's* boy with her : good plots, they are laid, and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed vail of modesty from the so-seeming Mist. *Page*, divulge *Page* himself for a secure and wilful *Acteon*, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. The clock gives me my Qu, and my assurance bids me search, there I shall find *Falstaff*: I shall be rather prais'd for this, than mock'd, for it is as positive, as the earth is firm, that *Falstaff* is there : I will go.

*Shal. Page, &c.* Well met Mr *Ford*.

*Ford.* Trust me, a good knot ; I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

*Shal.* I must excuse my self Mr *Ford*.

*Slen.* And so must I Sir,

We have appointed to dine with Mistress *Anne*,  
And I would not break with her for more mony  
Than I'll speak of.

*Shal.* We have linger'd about a match between *An Page*, and my cousin *Slender*, and this day we shall have our answer.

*Slen.* I hope I have your good will Father *Page*.

*Pag.* You have Mr *Slender*, I stand wholly for you,  
But my wife (Mr Doctor) is for you altogether.

*Cas.* Ay be-gar, and de Maid is love-a-me ; my nursh-a-  
Quickly tell me so mush.

*Host.* What say you to young Mr *Fenton* ? He capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth : he writes verses, he speaks

holiday, he smells April and May, he will carry't, he will carry't, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

*Page.* Not by my consent I promise you. The Gentleman is of no having, he kept company with the wild Prince, and *Pointz*: he is of too high a Region, he knows too much: no, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes, with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply: the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

*Ford.* I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer you shall have sport, I will show you a monster: Mr Doctor, you shall go, so shall you Mr *Page*, and you Sir *Hugh*.

*Shal.* Well, fare you well:  
We shall have the freer wooing at Mr *Pages*.

*Cai.* Go home *John Rugby*, I come anon.  
*Host.* Farewell my hearts, I will to my honest Knight *Falstaff*, and drink Canary with him.

*Ford.* I think I shall drink in Pipe-wine first with him, I'll make him dance. Will you go, Gentles?

*All.* Have with you, to see this Monster.

*Exeunt*

*Scena Tertia.*

*Enter M. Ford, M. Page, Servants, Robin, Falstaff, Ford, Page, Caius. Evans.*

*Mist. Ford.* What *John*, what *Robert*.

*M. Page.* Quickly, quickly: Is the Buck-basket—

*Mis Ford.* I warrant. What *Robin* I say.

*Mis. Page.* Come, come, come.

*Mist. Ford.* Here, set it down.

*M. Pag.* Give your men the charge, we must be brief.

*M. Ford.* Marry, as I told you before (*John* and *Robert*) be ready here hard-by in the Brew-house, and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it

in all haste, and carry it among the Whitsters in *Dotchet* Mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side.

*M. Page.* You will do it ?

*M. Ford.* I ha told them over and over, they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

*M. Page.* Here comes little *Robin*.

*Mist. Ford.* How now my *Eyas-Musket*, what news with you ?

*Rob.* My M. Sir *John* is come in at your back door  
(*Mist. Ford*, and requests your company.

*M. Page.* You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us

*Rob.* Ay, I'll be sworn : my Master knows not of your being here : and hath threatned to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it : for he swears he'll turn me away.

*Mist. Page.* Thou'rt a good boy : this secrecy of thine shall be a Tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

*Mi. Ford.* Do so : go tell thy Master, I am alone : Mistress *Page*, remember you your *Qu*.

*Mist. Page.* I warrant thee, if I do not act it, hiss me.

*Mist. Ford.* Go-to then : we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross-watry *Pumpion* ; we'll teach him to know Turtles from Jays.

*Fal.* Have I caught thee, my heavenly Jewel ? Why now let me die, for I have liv'd long enough : This is the period of my ambition : O this blessed hour.

*Mist. Ford.* O sweet Sir *John*.

*Fal.* Mistress *Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (*Mist. Ford*) now shall I sin in my wish : I would thy Husband were dead, I'll speak it before the best Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

*Mist. Ford.* I your Lady Sir *John* ? Alas, I should be a pitiful Lady.

*Fal.* Let the Court of France shew me such another : I see how thine eye would emulate the Diamond : Thou hast the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian admittance.

*Mist. Ford.* A plain Kerchief, Sir *John* :  
My brows become nothing else, nor that well neither.

*Fal.* Thou art a tyrant to say so : thou wouldest make an absolute Courtier, and the firm fixture of thy foot, would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled Farthingale. I see what thou wert if Fortune thy foe, were not Nature thy friend : Come, thou canst not hide it.

*Mist. Ford.* Believe me, ther's no such thing in me.

*Fal.* What made me love thee ? Let that persuade thee. Ther's something extraordinary in thee : Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a-many of these lisping-hawthorn buds, that come like women in mens apparel, and smell like Bucklers-berry in simple time : I cannot, but I love thee, none but thee ; and thou deserv'st it.

*M. Ford.* Do not betray me sir, I fear you love *M. Page*.

*Fal.* Thou mightst as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me, as the reek of a Lime-kill.

*Mis. Ford.* Well, heaven knows how I love you,  
And you shall one day find it.

*Fal.* Keep in that mind, I'll deserve it.

*Mist. Ford.* Nay, I must tell you, so you do ;  
Or else I could not be in that mind.

*Rob.* Mistress *Ford*, Mistress *Ford* ; here's Mistress *Page* at the door, sweating, and blowing and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

*Fal.* She shall not see me, I will ensconce me behind the Arras.

*M. Ford.* Pray you do so, she's a very tattling woman.  
Whats the matter ? How now ?

*Mist. Page.* O mistress *Ford* what have you done ?  
You'r sham'd, y'are overthrown, y'are undone for ever.

*M. Ford.* What's the matter, good mistress *Page* ?

*M. Page.* O weladay, mist *Ford*, having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspition.

*M. Ford.* What cause of suspition ?

*M. Page.* What cause of suspition ? Out upon you : How am I mistook in you ?

*M. Ford.* Why (alas) what's the matter ?

*M. Page.* Your husband's coming hether (Woman) with all the Officers in Windsor, to search for a Gentleman, that he says is here now in the house ; by your consent to take an ill advantage of his absence : you are undone.

*M. Ford.* 'Tis not so, I hope.

*M. Page.* Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here : but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to serch for such a one, I come before to tell you : If you know your self clear, why I am glad of it : but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

*M. Ford.* What shall I do ? There is a Gentleman my dear friend : and I fear not mine own shame so much, as his peril. I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

*M. Page.* For shame, never stand (you had rather, and you had rather :) your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance : in the house you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me ? Look, here is a basket, if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here, and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking : Or it is whiting time, send him by your two men to *Datchet-Mead*.

*M. Ford.* He's too big to go in there : what shall I do ?

*Fal.* Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't :  
I'll in, I'll in : Follow your friends counsel, I'll in.

*M. Page.* What Sir *John Falstaff*? Are these your Letters, Knight ?

*Fal.* I love thee, help me away : let me creep in here : i'll never —

*M. Page.* Help to cover your master (Boy :) Call your men (Mist. *Ford.*) You dissemling Knight.

*M. Ford.* What *John, Robert, John* ; Go, take up these clothes here, quickly : Wher's the Cowl-staff ? Look how you drumble ? Carry them to the Landress in Datchet mead : quickly, come.

*Ford.* 'Pray you come near : if I suspect without cause,

Why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest,  
I deserve it: How now? Whether bear you this?

*Ser.* To the Landress forsooth?

*M. Ford.* Why, what have you to do whether they bear it?  
You were best meddle with buck-washing.

*Ford.* Buck? I would I could wash my self of the Buck:  
Buck, buck, buck, ay buck: I warrant you Buck,  
And of the season too; it shall appear.

Gentlemen, I have dream'd to night, I'll tell you my dream:  
here, here, here be my keys, ascend my Chambers, search,  
seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the Fox. Let me  
stop this way first: so, now uncape.

*Page.* Good master *Ford*, be contented:  
You wrong your self too much.

*Ford.* True (master *Page*) up Gentlemen.  
You shall see sport anon:  
Follow me Gentlemen.

*Evans.* This is fery fantastical humors and jealousies.

*Caius.* By gar, 'tis no-the fashion of France:  
It is not jealous in France.

*Page.* Nay follow him (Gentlemen) see the issue of his  
search.

*Mist. Page.* Is there not a double excellency in this?

*Mist. Ford.* I know not which pleases me better,  
That my husband is deceived, or Sir *John*.

*Mist. Page.* What a taking was he in, when your husband  
ask'd who was in the basket?

*Mist. Ford.* I am half afraid he will have need of washing:  
so throwing him into the water, will do him a benefit.

*Mist. Page.* Hang him dishonest rascal: I would all of the  
same strain, were in the same distress.

*Mist. Ford.* I think my husband hath some special suspition  
of *Falstaff's* being here: for I never saw him so gross in his  
jealousy till now.

*Mist. Page.* I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet  
have more tricks with *Falstaff*: his dissolute disease will  
scarce obey this medicine.

*Mis. Ford.* Shall we send that foolishion Carrion, Mist. Quickly to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment ?

*Mist. Page.* We will do it : let him be sent for to morrow eight a clock to have amends.

*Ford.* I cannot find him : may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

*Mis. Page.* Heard you that ?

*Mis. Ford.* You use me well, *M. Ford* ? Do you ?

*Ford.* Ay, I do so.

*M. Ford.* Heaven make you better than your thoghts.

*Ford.* Amen.

*Mi. Page.* You do your self mighty wrong (*M. Ford*.)

*Ford.* Ay, ay : I must bear it.

*Ev.* If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses : heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment.

*Caius.* Be gar, nor I too : there is no-bodies.

*Page.* Fy, fy, *M. Ford*, are you not ashem'd ? What spirit, what divel suggests this imagination ? I would not ha your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of *Windsor castle*.

*Ford.* 'Tis my fault (*M. Page*) I suffer for it.

*Evans.* You suffer for a pad conscience : your wife is as honest a o'mans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

*Cai.* By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

*Ford.* Well, I promis'd you a dinner : come, come, walk in the Park, I pray you pardon me : I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come wife, come *Mi. Page*, I pray you pardon me. Pray heartly pardon me.

*Page.* Let's go in Gentlemen, but (trust me) we'll mock him : I do invite you to morrow morning to my house to breakfast : after we'll a Birding together, I have a fine Hawk for the bush. Shall it be so :

*Ford.* Any thing.

*Ev.* If there is one, I shall make two in the Company

*Ca.* If there be one, or two, I shall make-a-theturd.

*Ford.* Pray you go, M. *Page.*

*Eva.* I pray you now remembrance to morrow on the lousy knave, mine Host.

*Cai.* Dat is good by gar, withall my heart.

*Eva.* A lousy knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries.

*Exeunt.*

*Scœna Quarta.*

*Enter Fenton, Anne, Page, Shallow, Slender, Quickly, Page, Mist. Page.*

*Fen.*: I see I cannot get thy Fathers love,  
Therefore no more turn me to him (sweet Nan.)

*Anne.* Alas, how then ?

*Fen.* Why thou must be thy self.  
He doth object, I am too great of birth,  
And that my state being gall'd with my expence,  
I seek to heal it only by his wealth.  
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,  
My Riots past, my wild Societies,  
And tells me 'tis a thing impossible  
I should love thee, but as a property.

*An.* May be he tells you true.

*Fen.* No, heaven so speed me in my time to come,  
Albeit I will confess, thy Fathers wealth  
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee (*Anne* :)  
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more value  
Than stamps in Gold, or sums in sealed bags :  
And 'tis the very riches of thy self,  
That now I aim at.

*An* Gentle M. *Fenton*,  
Yet seek my Fathers love, still seek it sir,  
If opportunity and humblest suit  
Cannot attain it, why then hark you hither.

*Shal.* Break their talk Mistress *Quickly*,  
My Kinsman shall speak for himself.

*Slen.* I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't, slid, 'tis but venturing.

*Shal.* Be not dismay'd.

*Slen.* No, she shall not dismay me :

I care not for that, but that I am afeard.

*Qui.* Hark ye, M. *Slender* would speak a word with you

*An.* I come to him. This is my Fathers choice :

O what a world of vild ill-favour'd faults

Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year ?

*Qui.* And how do's good Master *Fenton* ?

Pray you a word with you.

*Shal.* She's coming ; to her Coz :

O boy, thou hadst a father.

*Slen.* I had a father (*M An*) my uncle can tell you good jests of him : pray you Uncle, tell Mist. *Anne* the jest how my Father stole two Geese out of a Pen, good Uncle.

*Shal.* Mistress *Anne*, my Cousin loves you.

*Slen.* Ay that I do, as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

*Shal.* He will maintain you like a Gentlewoman.

*Slen.* Ay that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a Squire.

*Shal.* He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

*Anne.* Good Master *Shallow* let him woo for himself.

*Shal.* Marry I thank you for it : I thank you for that good comfort : she calls you (Coz) I'll leave you.

*Anne.* Now Master *Slender*.

*Slen.* Now good Mistress *Anne*.

*Anne.* What is your will ?

*Slen.* My will ? Odd's hart-lings, that's a pretty jest indeed : I ne're made my Will yet (I thank Heaven :) I am not such a sickly creature, I give Heaven praise.

*Anne.* I mean (*M. Slender*) what wold you with me ?

*Slen.* Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you : your father and my uncle hath made motions : if it be my luck, so ; if not, happy man be his dole, they can tell you how things go, better than I can : you may ask your father, here he comes.

*Page.* Now Mr *Slender*; Love him daughter *Anne*,  
 Why how now? What does Mr *Fenter* here?  
 You wrong me Sir, thus still to haunt my house.  
 I told you Sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

*Fen.* Nay Mr *Page*, be not impatient.

*Mist. Page.* Good M. *Fenton*, come not to my child.

*Page.* She is no match for you.

*Fen.* Sir, will you hear me?

*Page.* No, good Mr *Fenton*.

Come M. *Shallow*: Come son *Slender*, in;  
 Knowing my mind, you wrong me (M. *Fenton*.)

*Qui.* Speak to Mistress *Page*.

*Fen.* Good Mist. *Page*, for that I love your daughter  
 In such a righteous fashion as I do,  
 Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,  
 I must advance the colours of my love,  
 And not retire. Let me have your good will.

*An.* Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

*Mist. Page.* I mean it not, I seek you a better husband.

*Qui.* That's my master, M. Doctor.

*An.* Alas I had rather be set quick i'th earth,  
 And bowl'd to death with Turnips.

*Mist. Page.* Come, trouble not your self good M. *Fenton*, I  
 will not be your friend, nor enemy:  
 My daughter will I question how she loves you,  
 And as I find her, so am I affected:  
 Till then, farewell Sir, she must needs go in,  
 Her father will be angry.

*Fen.* Farewell gentle Mistress: farewell *Nan*.

*Qui.* This is my doing now: Nay, said I, will you cast away  
 your child on a Fool, and a Physitian:  
 Look on M. *Fenton*, this is my doing.

*Fen.* I thank thee: and I pray thee once to night,  
 Give my sweet *Nan* this Ring: there's for thy pains.

*Qui.* Now heaven send thee good fortune, a kind heart he  
 hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a  
 kind heart. But yet, I would my Master had Mistress *Anne*,

or I would M. *Slender* had her: or (in sooth) I would M. *Fenton* had her; I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promisd, and I'll be as good as my word, but speciously for M. *Fenton*. Well, I must of another errand to Sir *John Falstaff* from my two Mistresses: what a beast am I to slack it.

*Exeunt.*

---

*Scena Quinta.*

---

*Enter Falstaff, Bardolf, Quickly, Ford.*

*Fal.* *Bardolf* I say.

*Bar.* Here Sir.

*Fal.* Go, fetch me a quart of Sack, put a toast in't.

Have I liv'd to be carried in a Basket like a barrow of butchers Offal? and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my brains 'tane out and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a New-years gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse, as they would have drown'd a blind bitch's Puppies, fifteen i'th litter: and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow: a death that I abhor: for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swel'd? I should have been a Mountain of Mummy.

*Bar.* Here's M. *Quickly* Sir to speak with you.

*Fal.* Come, let me pour in some Sack to the Thames water: for my belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd snowballs, for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

*Bar.* Come in woman.

*Qui.* By your leave: I cry you mercy?

Give your worship good morrow.

*Fal.* Take away these Chalices:

Go, brew me a pottle of Sack finely.

*Bard.* With Eggs, Sir?

*Fal.* Simple of it self: I'll no Pullet-Spersme in my brewage.  
How now?

*Qui.* Marry Sir, I come to your worship from M. *Ford*.

*Fal.* *Mist. Ford*? I have had Ford enough: I was thrown into the Ford; I have my belly full of Ford.

*Qui.* Alas the day, (good-heart) that was not her fault: she do's so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

*Fal.* So did I mine, to build upon a foolish Womans promise.

*Qui.* Well, she laments Sir for it, that it would yern your heart to see it: her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her, between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly, she'll make you amends I warrant you.

*Fal.* Well, I will visit her, tell her so: and bid her think what a man is: Let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

*Qui.* I will tell her.

*Fal.* Do so. Between nine and ten say'st thou?

*Qui.* Eight and nine Sir.

*Fal.* Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

*Qui.* Peace be with you Sir.

*Fal.* I marvel I hear not of Mr *Broom*: he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well.

Oh, here he comes.

*Ford.* Bless you Sir.

*Fal.* Now M. *Broom*, you come to know  
What hath past between me, and *Fords* wife.

*Ford.* That indeed (Sir *John*) is my business.

*Fal.* *M. Broom* I will not lie to you,  
I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

*Ford.* And sped you Sir?

*Fal.* very ill-favouredly M. *Broom*.

*Ford.* How so sir, did she change her determination?

*Fal.* No (M. *Broom*) but the peaking Curnuto her husband (M. *Broom*) dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrast, kist, protested, and (as it were) spoke the prologue of our

Comedy: and at his heels, a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and (forsooth) to search his house for his wives Love.

*Ford.* What? While you were there?

*Fal.* While I was there.

*For.* And did he search for you, and could not find you?

*Fal.* You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one *Mist. Page*, gives intelligence of *Fords* approach: and in her invention, and *Fords* wives distraction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

*Ford.* A Buck-basket?

*Fal.* Yes: a Buck-basket: ram'd me in with foul Shirts and Smocks, Socks, foul Stockings, greasy Napkins, that (Master *Broom*) there was the rankest compound of villainous smell, that ever offended nostril.

*Ford.* And how long lay you there?

*Fal.* Nay, you shall hear (Master *Broom*) what I have suffer'd, to bring this woman to evil, for your good: Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of *Fords* knaves, his Hinds, were call'd forth by their Mistress, to carry me in the name of foul Clothes to *Datchet-lane*: they took me on their shoulders: met the jealous knave their Master in the door; who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their Basket? I quak'd for fear lest the Lunatique Knave would have search'd it: but Fate (ordaining he should be a Cuckold) held his hand: well, on went he, for a search, and away went I for foul Clothes: But mark the sequel (Master *Broom*) I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: First, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten Bell-weather: Next to be compass'd like a good Bilbo in the circumference of a Peck, hilt to point, heel to head. And then to be stopt in like a strong distillation with stinking Clothes, that fretted in their own grease: think of that, a man of my Kidney; think of that, that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution, and thaw: it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this Bath (when I was more than half stew'd in grease (like a Dutch-dish) to be thrown into the

Thames, and cool'd, glowing-hot, in that serge like a Horse-shoe; think of that; hissing hot: think of that (Master *Broom*.)

*Ford.* In good sadness Sir, I am sorry, that for my sake you have suffer'd all this.

My suit then is desperate: You'll undertake her no more?

*Fal.* Master *Broom*: I will be thrown into *Etna*, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus; her Husband is this morning gone a Birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting: 'twixt eight and nine is the hour (Master *Broom*.)

*Ford.* 'Tis past eight already Sir.

*Fal.* Is it? I will then address me to my appointment: Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed: and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: adieu: you shall have her (Master *Broom*) Master *Broom*, you shall cuckold *Ford*.

*Ford.* Hum: ha? Is this a vision? Is this a dream? do I sleep? Master *Ford* awake, awake Master *Ford*: ther's a hole made in your best coat (Master *Ford* :) this 'tis to be married; this 'tis to have Linen, and Buck-baskets: Well, I will proclaim my self what I am: I will now take the Lecher: he is at my house: he cannot scape me: 'tis impossible he should: he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a Pepper-Box: But lest the Devil that guides him, should aid him, I will search impossible places: though what I am, I cannot avoid; yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: If I have horns, to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad.

*Exeunt.*

---

*Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.*

---

*Enter Mistress Page, Quickly, William, Evans.*

*Mist. Pag.* Is he at M. *Fords* already think'st thou ?

*Qui.* Sure he is by this : or will be presently ; but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. *Mistress Ford* desires you to come suddenly.

*Mist. Pag.* I'll be with her by and by : I'll but bring my young-man here to School : look where his Master comes ; 'tis a playing day I see : how now Sir *Hugh*, no School to day ?

*Eva.* No : Master *Slender* is let the Boys leave to play.

*Qui.* 'Blessing of his heart.

*Mist. Pag.* Sir *Hugh*, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his Book : I pray you ask him some questions in his Accidence.

*Ev.* Come hither *William* ; hold up your head ; come.

*Mist. Pag.* Come-on Sirha ; hold up your head ; answer your Master, be not afraid.

*Eva.* *William*, how many Numbers is in Nouns ?

*Will.* Two.

*Qui.* Truly, I thought there had been one Number more, because they say od's-Nouns.

*Eva.* Peace, your tatlings. What is (*Fair*) *William* ?

*Will.* *Pulcher*.

*Qu.* Powlcats ? there are fairer things than Powlcats, sure.

*Eva.* You are a very simplicity o'man : I pray you peace. What is (*Lapis*) *William* ?

*Will.* A Stone.

*Eva.* And what is a Stone (*William* ?)

*Will.* A Peeble.

*Eva.* No ; it is *Lapis* : I pray you remember in your brain.

*Will.* *Lapis*.

*Eva.* That is a good *William* : what is he (*William*) that do's lend Articles.

*Will.* Articles are borrowed of the Pronoun ; and be declined. *Singulariter nominativo hic haec, hoc.*

*Eva.* *Nominativo hic, hag, hog* : pray you mark : *gen hujus* : Well, what is your *Accusative-case* ?

*Will.* *Accusativo hinc.*

*Eva.* I pray you have your remembrance (child) *Accusative, hang, hog, hog.*

*Qu.* Hang-hog, is latin for Bacon, I warrant you.

*Eva.* Leave your prables (o'man) What is the *Focative case* (*William* ?)

*Will.* *O, Vocativo, O.*

*Eva.* Remember *William, Focative, is caret.*

*Qu.* And that's a good root.

*Eva.* O'man, forbear.

*Mist. Pag.* Peace.

*Eva* : What is your *Genitive case plur all* (*William* ?)

*Will.* *Genitive case* ?

*Eva.* Ay.

*Will.* *Genitive horum, harum, horum.*

*Qu.* Vengeance of Ginyes case ; fie on her ; never name her (child) if she be a whore.

*Eva.* For shame o'man.

*Qu.* You do ill to teach the child such words : he teaches him to hic, and to hac ; which they'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call *horum* ; fie upon you.

*Evans.* O'man, art thou Lunatics ? Hast thou no understandings for thy Cases, and the numbers of the Genders ? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures, as I would desires.

*Mi. Page.* Pre'thee hold thy peace.

*Ev.* Show me now (*William*) some declensions of your Pronouns.

*Will.* Forsooth, I have forgot.

*Ev.* It is *Qui, que, quod* ; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you must be preeches : Go your ways and play, go.

*M. Pag.* He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

*Ev.* He is a good sprag-memory : Farewell *Mis. Page.*

*Mis. Page.* Adieu good Sir *Hugh*:  
Get you home boy, Come we stay too long.

*Exeunt.*

---

*Scena Secunda.*

---

*Enter Falstaff, Mist. Ford, Mist. Page, Servants, Ford, Page, Caius, Evans, Shallow.*

*Fal. Mi. Ford.* Your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance; I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hairs breadth, not only *Mist. Ford*, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it: But are you sure of your husband now?

*Mis. Ford.* He's a birding (sweet *Sir John*.)

*Mis. Page.* What hoa, gossip *Ford*: what hoa.

*Mis. Ford.* Step into th' chamber, *Sir John*.

*Mis. Page.* How now (sweet heart) whose at home besides your self?

*Mis. Ford.* Why none but mine own people.

*Mis. Page.* Indeed?

*Mis. Ford.* No certainly: Speak louder.

*Mist. Page.* Truly, I am so glad you have no body here.

*Mist. Ford.* Why?

*Mis. Page.* Why woman, your husband is in his old lines again: he so takes on yonder with my husband, so rails against all married mankind; so curses all *Eves* daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead: crying peer-out, peer-out, that any madness I ever yet beheld, seem'd but tameness, civility, and patience to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat *Knight* is not here.

*Mist. Ford.* Why, do's he talk of him?

*Mist. Page.* Of none but him, and swears he was carried out the last time he search'd for him, in a Basket: Protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: But I am glad the *Knight* is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

*Mist. Ford.* How near is he Mistress *Page*?

*Mist. Pag.* Hard by, at street end; he will be here anon.

*Mist. Ford.* I am undone, the Knight is here.

*Mist. Puge.* Why then you are utterly sham'd, and he's ~~but~~ a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with him ~~—~~ away with him: Better shame, than murther.

*Mist. Ford.* Which way should he go? How should ~~—~~ bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

*Fal.* No, I'll come no more i'th Basket:

May I not go out ere he come?

*Mist. Page.* Alas: three of Mr *Fords* brothers watch the door with Pistols, that none shall issue out: otherwise you might slip away ere he came: But what make you here?

*Fal.* What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

*Mist. Ford.* There they always use to discharge their Birding-pieces: creep into the Kill-hole.

*Fal.* Where is it?

*Mist. Ford.* He will seek there on my word: Neither Press, Coffer, Chest, Trunk, Well, Vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his Note: There is no hiding you in the house.

*Fal.* I'll go out then.

*Mist. Ford.* If you go out in your own semblance, you die Sir *John*, unless you go out disguis'd.

*Mist. Ford.* How might we disguise him?

*Mist. Page.* Alas the day I know not, there is no womans gown big enough for him: otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

*Fal.* Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

*Mist. Ford.* My Maids Aunt the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gown above.

*Mist. Page.* On my word it will serve him: she's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: run up Sir *John*.

*Mist. Ford.* Go, go, sweet Sir *John*: Mistress *Page* and I will look some linen for your head.

*Mist. Page.* Quick, quick, we'll come dress you straight : put on the gown the while.

*Mist. Ford.* I would my husband would meet him in this shape : he cannot abide the old woman of Brainford ; he swears she's a witch, forbad her my house, and hath threatned to beat her.

*Mist. Page.* Heaven guide him to thy husbands cudgel : and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards.

*Mist. Ford.* But is my husband coming ?

*Mist. Page.* Ay in good sadness is he, and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

*Mist. Ford.* We'll try that : for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

*Mist. Page.* Nay, but he'll be here presently : let's go dress him like the witch of *Brainford*.

*Mist. Ford.* I'll first direct direct my men, what they shall do with the basket : Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight.

*Mist. Page.* Hang him dishonest Varlet.

We cannot misuse enough :

We'll leave a proof by that which we will do,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too :

We do not act that often, jest, and laugh,

'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the draugh.

*Mist. Ford.* Go Sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders : your Master is hard at door : if he bid you set it down, obey him : quickly, dispatch.

1 *Ser.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Ser.* Pray heaven it be not full of Knight again.

1 *Ser.* I hope not, I had lief as bear so much lead.

*Ford.* Ay, but if it prove true (*Mr Page*) have you any way then to unfool me again. Set down the basket villain : some body call my wife : Youth in a basket : Oh you Panderly Rascals, there's a knot : a gin, a pack, a conspiracy against me : Now shall the devil be sham'd. What wife I say : Come, come forth : behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

*Page.* Why, this passes M. *Ford*: you are not to go loose any longer, you must be pinion'd.

*Evans.* Why, this is Lunatics: this is mad, as a mad dog.

*Shall.* Indeed M. *Ford*, thi is not well indeed.

*Ford.* So say I too Sir, come hither Mistress *Ford*, Mistress *Ford*, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband: I suspect without cause (Mistress) do I ?

*Mist. Ford.* Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

*Ford.* Well said Brazen-face, hold it out: Come forth sirrah.

*Page.* This passes.

*Mist. Ford.* Are you not asham'd, let the cloths alone.

*Ford.* I shall find you anon.

*Eva.* 'Tis unreasonable; will you take up your wifes clothes ? Come, away.

*Ford.* Empty the basket I say.

*M. Ford.* Why man, why ?

*Ford.* Master *Page*, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there again, in my house I am sure he is: my Intelligence is true, my jealousy is reasonable, pluck me out all the linen.

*Mist. Ford.* If you find a man there, he shall die a Fleas death.

*Page.* Here's no man.

*Shal.* By my fidelity this is not well Mr *Ford*: This wrongs you.

*Evans.* Mr *Ford*, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

*Ford.* Well, he's not here I seek for.

*Page.* No, nor no where else but in your brain.

*Ford.* Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity: Let me for ever be your Table-sport: Let them say of me, as jealous as *Ford*, that search'd a hollow Wall-nut for his wifes Leman. Satisfy me once more, once more search with me.

*M. Ford.* What hoa (Mistress *Page*,) come you and the old woman down: my husband will come into the Chamber.

*Ford.* Old woman ? what old womans that ?

*M. Ford.* Why it is my maids Aunt of *Brainford*.

*Ford.* A witch, a Quean, an old cozening quean : Have I not forbid her my house. She comes of errands do's she ? We are simple men, we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of Fortune-telling. She works by Charms, by Spells, by th'Figure, and such dawbry as this is, beyond our Element : we know nothing. Come down you Witch, you Hag you, come down I say.

*Mist. Ford.* Nay, good sweet husband, good Gentlemen, let him strike the old woman.

*Mist. Page.* Come mother *Prat*, Come give me your hand.

*Ford.* I'll *Prat*-her : Out of my door, you Witch, you Rag, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runnion, out, out : I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you.

*Mist. Page.* Are you not asham'd ?

I think you have kill'd the poor woman.

*Mist. Ford.* Nay he will do it, 'tis a goodly credit for you.

*Ford.* Hang her witch.

*Eva.* By yea, and no, I think the o'man is a witch indeed : I like not when a o'man has a great peard ; I spy a great peard under his muffler.

*Ford.* Will you follow Gentlemen, I beseech you follow : see but the issue of my jealousy : If I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

*Page.* Let's obey his humour a little further :  
Come Gentlemen.

*Mist. Page.* Trust me he beat him most pitifully.

*Mist. Ford.* Nay by th'Mass that he did not : he beat him most unpitifully, me thought.

*Mist. Page.* I'll have the cudgel hallow'd, and hung ore the Altar, it hath done meritorious service.

*Mist. Ford.* What think you ? May we with the warrant of woman hood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge ?

*M. Page.* The spirit of wantonness is sure scar'd out of him, if the divel have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery,

he will never (I think) in the way of waste, attempt us again.

*Mist. Ford.* Shall we tell our husbands how we have serv'd him ?

*Mist. Page.* Yes, by all means : if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husbands brains : if they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat Knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

*Mist. Ford.* I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly sham'd, and me thinks there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly sham'd.

*Mist. Page.* Come, to the Forge with it, then shape it : I would not have things cool. *Exeunt*

*Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Host and Bardolf.*

*Bar.* Sir, the German desires to have three of your horses : the Duke himself will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

*Host.* What Duke should that be comes so secretly ? I hear not of him in the Court : let me speak with the Gentlemen, they speak English ?

*Bar.* Ay Sir ? I'll call him to you.

*Host.* They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay : I'll sauce them, they have had my houses a week at command : I have turn'd away my other guests, they must come off, I'll sauce them, come. *Exeunt*

*Scena Quarta.*

*Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Evans.*

*Eva.* 'Tis one of the best dispositions of a o'man as ever I did look upon.

*Page.* And did he send you both these Letters at an instant ?

*Mist. Page.* Within a quarter of an hour.

*Ford.* Pardon me (wife) henceforth do what thou wilt :  
I rather will suspect the Sun with gold,  
Than thee with wantonnes : Now doth thy honor stand  
(In him that was of late an Heretic).  
As firm as faith.

*Page.* Tis well, 'tis well, no more :  
Be not as extreme in submission, as in offence,  
But let our plot go forward : Let our wives  
Yet once again (to make us public sport)  
Appoint a meeting with this old fat-fellow,  
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

*Ford.* There is no better way than that they spoke of.

*Page.* How ? to send him word they'll meet him in the  
Park at midnight ? Fie, fie, he'll never come.

*Ev.* You say he has been thrown in the Rivers : and has  
been grievously peaten, as an old o'man : me-thinks there  
should be terrors in him, that he should not come : Me-thinks  
his flesh is punish'd, he shall have no desires.

*Page.* So think I too.

*M. Ford.* Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,  
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

*Mis. Page.* There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the Hunter  
(sometime a keeper here in Windsor Forest)  
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight  
Walk round about an Oak, with great rag'd-horns,  
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,  
And make milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain  
In a most hideous and dreadful manner.  
You have heard of such a Spirit, and well you know  
The superstitious idle-headed-Eld  
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age  
This tale of *Herne* the Hunter, for a truth.

*Page.* Why yet there want not many that do fear  
In deep of night to walk by this Herues Oak :  
But what of this :

*Mist. Ford.* Marry this is our devise,

That *Falstaff* at that Oak shall meet with us.

*Page.* Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,  
And in this shape, when you have brought him thither,  
What shall be done with him ? What is your plot ?

*Mist. Pa.* That likewise have we thought upon : and thus :  
*Nan Page* (my daughter) and my little son,  
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress  
Like Urchins, Ouphs, and Fairies, green and white,  
With rounds of waxen Tapers on their heads,  
And rattles in their hands ; upon a sudden,  
As *Falstaff*, she, and I, are newly met,  
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once  
With some diffused song : Upon their sight  
We two, in great amazedness will fly :  
Then let them all encircle him about,  
And Fairy-like to pinch the unclean Knight ;  
And ask him why that hour of Fairy Revel,  
In their so sacred paths, he dares to tread  
In shape profane.

*Ford.* And till he tell the truth,  
Let the supposed Fairies pinch him, sound,  
And burn him with their Tapers.

*Mist. Page.* The truth being known,  
We'll all present our selves ; dis horn the spirit,  
And mock him home to Windsor.

*Ford.* The children must  
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll nev'r doo't.

*Eva.* I will teach the children their behaviours : and I will  
be like a Jack-an-Apes also, to burn the Knight with my  
Taber.

*Ford.* That will be excellent,  
I'll go buy them vizards.

*Mist. Page.* My *Nan* shall be the Queen of all the Fairies,  
finely attired in a robe of white.

*Page.* That silk will I go buy, and in that time  
Shall M. *Slender* steal my *Nan* away,  
And marry her at *Eaton* : go, send to *Falstaff* straight.

*Ford.* Nay, I'll to him again in name of *Broom*,  
He'll tell me all his purpose: sure he'll come.

*Mist. Page.* Fear not you that: Go get us properties  
And tricking for our Fairies.

*Evans.* Let us about it,  
It is admirable pleasures, and ferry honest knaveries.

*Mis. Page.* Go *Mist. Ford*.

Send quickly to Sir *John*, to know his mind:  
I'll to the Doctor, he hath my good will,  
And none but he to marry with *Nan Page*:  
That *Slender* (though well landed) is an Idiot:  
And he, my husband best of all affects:  
The Doctor is well monied, and his friends  
Potent at Court: he, none but he shall have her,  
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

*Scena Quinta.*

*Enter Host, Simple, Falstaff, Bardolf, Evans, Caius, Quickly.*

*Host.* What wouldst thou have? (Boor) what? (thick skin)  
speak, breathe, discuss: brief, short, quick, snap.

*Simp.* Marry Sir, I come to speak with Sir *John Falstaff*  
from M. *Slender*.

*Host.* There's his Chamber, his House, his Castle, his  
standing-bed and truckle-bed: 'tis painted about with the  
story of the Prodigal, fresh and new: go, knock and call: he'll  
speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: Knock I say.

*Simp.* There's an old woman, a fat woman gone up into his  
chamber: I'll be so bold as stay Sir till she come down: I  
come to speak with her indeed.

*Host.* Ha? A fat woman? The Knight may be robb'd:  
I'll call. Bully-Knight, Bully Sir *John*: speak from thy  
Lungs Military: Art thou there? It is thine Host, thine  
Ephesian calls.

*Fal.* How now, mine Host?

*Host.* Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of

thy fat-woman: Let her descend (Bully) let her descend: my Chambers are honourable: Fie, privacy? Fie.

*Fal.* There was (mine Host) an old-fat-woman even now with me, but she's gone.

*Simp.* Pray you Sir, was't not the Wise-woman of *Brainford*?

*Fal.* Ay marry was it (Mussel-shell) what would you with her?

*Simp.* My Master (Sir) my master *Slender*, sent to her seeing her go thorough the streets, to know (Sir) whether one *Nim* (Sir) that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

*Fal.* I spake with the old woman about it.

*Sim.* And what says she, I pray Sir?

*Fal.* Marry she says, that the very same man that beguil'd Master *Slender* of his Chain, cozon'd him of it.

*Simp.* I would I could have spoken with the Woman her self, I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

*Fal.* What are they? let us know.

*Host.* Ay: come: quick.

*Fal.* I may not conceal them (Sir.)

*Host.* Conceal them, or thou di'st.

*Sim.* Why sir, they were nothing but about Mistress *Anne Page*, to know if it were my Masters fortune to have her, or no.

*Fal.* 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

*Sim.* What Sir?

*Fal.* To have her, or no: go; say the woman told me so.

*Sim.* May I be bold to say so Sir?

*Fal.* Ay Sir: like who more bold.

*Sim.* I thank your worship: I shall make my Master glad with these tidings.

*Host.* Thou art clerkly: thou art clerkly (Sir *John*) was there a wise woman with thee?

*Fal.* Ay that there was (mine *Host*) one that hath taught me more wit, than ever I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

*Bar.* Out alas (Sir) cozonage: mere cozonage.

*Host.* Where be my horses ? speak well of them varletto.

*Bar.* Run away with the cozoners : for so soon as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire ; and set spurs, and away ; like three *German-divels* ; three *Doctor Faustasses*.

*Host.* They are gone but to meet the Duke (villain) do not say they be fled : *Germans* are honest men.

*Evan.* Where is mine *Host* ?

*Host.* What is the matter Sir ?

*Evan.* Have a care of your entertainments : there is a friend of mine come to Town, tells me there is three *Cozen-Jermans*, that has cozened all the *Hosts of Readins*, of *Maidenhead* ; of *Cole-brooke*, of horses and money : I tell you for good will (look you) you are wise, and full of gibes, and vlotting-stocks : and 'tis not convenient you should be coazoned. Fare you well.

*Cai.* Ver' is mine *Host de Jarteere* ?

*Host.* Here (Master *Doctor*) in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

*Cai.* I cannot tell vat is dat : but it is tell-a-me, dat you make grand preparation for a Duke *de Jamanie* : by my trot : der is no Duke that the Court is know, to come : I tell you for good will : adieu.

*Host.* Huy and cry, (villain) go : assist me Knight, I am undone : fly, run : huy, and cry (villain) I am undone.

*Fal.* I would all the world might be coazoned, for I have been coazoned and beaten too : if it should come to the ear of the Court, how I have been transformed ; and how my transformation hath been washd, and cudgeld, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor Fishermens-boots with me : I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as a dried-pear : I never prosper'd, since I forswore my self at *Primero* : well, if my wind were but long enough ; I would repent : Now ? Whence come you ?

*Qui.* From the two parties forsooth.

*Fal.* The Divel take one party, and his Dam the other : and so they shall be both bestowed ; I have suffer'd more for their

sakes ; more than the villainous inconstancy of mans disposition is able to bear.

*Qui.* And have not they suffer'd ? Yes, I warrant : speciously one of them ; Mistress *Ford* (good heart) is beaten black and blew, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

*Fal.* What tell'st thou me of black, and blew ? I was beaten my self into all the colours of the Rainbow : and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of *Braineford*, but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman deliver'd me, the knave Constable had set me ith' Stocks, ith' common Stocks, for a Witch.

*Qu.* Sir : let me speak with you in your Chamber, you shall hear how things go, and (I warrant) to your content : here is a Letter will say somewhat : (good-hearts) what-a-do here is to bring you together ? Sure, one of you do's not serve heaven well, that you are so cross'd.

*Fal.* Come up into my Chamber.

*Exeunt.*

*Scena Sexta.*

*Enter Fenton, Host.*

*Host.* Master *Fenton*, talk not to me, my mind is heavy : I will give over all.

*Fen.* Yet hear me speak : assist me in my purpose, And (as I am a gentleman) I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold, more than your loss.

*Host.* I will hear you (Master *Fenton*) and I will (at the least) keep your counsel.

*Fen.* From time to time, I have acquainted you With the dear love I bear to fair *Anne Page*, Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection, (So far forth, as her self might be her chooser) Even to my wish ; I have a letter from her Of such contents, as you will wonder at ; The mirth whereof, so larded with my matter, That neither (singly) can be manifested

Without the show of both: fat *Falstaff*  
Hath a great Scene; the image of the jest  
I'll show you here at large (hark good mine *Host* :)  
To night at *Hernes-Oak*, just 'twixt twelve and one,  
Must my sweet *Nan* present the *Fairy-Queen*:  
The purpose why, is here: in which disguise  
While other Jests are something rank on foot,  
Her father hath commanded her to slip  
Away with *Slender*, and with him, at *Eaton*  
Immediately to Marry: She hath consented: Now Sir,  
Her Mother, (even strong against that match  
And firm for Doctor *Caius*) hath appointed  
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,  
While other sports are tasking of their minds,  
And at the *Deanry*, where a *Priest* attends  
Strait marry her: to this her Mothers plot  
She seemingly obedient) likewise hath  
Made promise to the *Doctor*: Now, thus it rests,  
Her Father means she shall be all in white;  
And in that habit, when *Slender* sees his time  
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,  
She shall go with him: her Mother hath intended  
(The better to devote her to the *Doctor*;  
For they must all be mask'd, and vizarded)  
That quaint in green, she shall be loose en-rob'd,  
With Ribonds pendant, flaring 'bout her head;  
And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,  
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,  
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

*Host.* Which means she to deceive? Father, or Mother.

*Fen.* Both (my good Host) to go along with me:  
And here it rests, that you'll procure the Vicar  
To stay for me at Church, 'twixt twelve, and one,  
And in the lawful name of marrying,  
To give our hearts united ceremony.

*Host.* Well, husband your device; I'll to the Vicar,  
Bring you the Maid, you shall not lack a Priest.

*Fen.* So shall I evermore be bound to thee ;  
Besides, I'll make a present recompense.

*Exeunt*

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*Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.*

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*Enter Falstaff, Quickly, and Ford.*

*Fal.* Pre'thee no more prattling : go, I'll hold, this is the third time : I hope good luck lies in odd numbers : Away, go, they say there is Divinity in odd Numbers, either in nativity, chance ; or death : away.

*Qui.* I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

*Fall.* Away I say, time wears, hold up your head and mince. How now M. *Broom* ? Master *Broom*, the matter will be known to night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Hernes-Oak, and you shall see wonders.

*Ford.* Went you not to her yesterday (Sir) as you told me you had appointed ?

*Fal.* I went to her (Master *Broom*) as you see, like a poor-old-man, but I came from her (Master *Broom*) like a poor-old-woman ; that same knave (*Ford* hir husband) hath the finest mad divel of jealousy in him (Master *Broom*) that ever govern'd Frensy. I will tell you, he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman : (for in the shape of Man (Master *Broom*) I fear not Goliah with a Weavers beam, because I know also, life is a Shuttle) I am in haste ; go along with me, I'll tell you all (Master *Broom* :) since I pluckt Geese, playd Truant, and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately. Follow me, I'll tell you strange things of this knave *Ford*, on whom to night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow, strange things in hand (M. *Broom*) follow.

*Exeunt.*

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*Scena Secunda.*

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*Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.*

*Page.* Come, come: we'll couch i'th Castle-ditch, till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember son *Slender*, my

*Slender.* Ay forsooth, I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry Mum; she cries Budget, and by that we know one another.

*Shal.* That's good too: But what needs either your Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten a'clock.

*Page.* The night is dark, Light and Spirits will become it well: Heaven prosper our sport. No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Lets away: follow me.

*Exeunt.*

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*Scena Tertia.*

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*Enter Mist. Page, Mist. Ford, Caius.*

*Mist. Page.* Mr Doctor, my daughter is in green, when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanery, and dispatch it quickly: go before into the Park: we two must go together.

*Cai.* I know vat I have to do, adieu.

*Mist. Page.* Fare you well (Sir.) my husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of *Falstaff*, as he will chafe at the Doctors marrying my daughter: But 'tis no matter: better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

*Mist. Ford.* Where is *Nan* now? and her troop of Fairies? and the Welch-devil *Herne*?

*Mist. Page.* They are all couch'd in a pit hard by *Hernes Oak*, with obscur'd Lights: which at the very instant of *Falstaff's* and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

*Mist. Ford.* That cannot choose but amaze him.

*Mist. Page.* If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd: If he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

*Mist. Ford.* We'll betray him finely.

*Mist. Page.* Against such Lewdsters, and their lechery, Those that betray them, do no treachery.

*Mist. Ford.* The hour draws-on: to the Oak, to the Oak.

*Exeunt*

*Scena Quarta.*

*Enter Evans and Fairies.*

*Evans.* Trib, trib Fairies: Come, and remember your parts: be pold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch'-ords, do as I pid you: Come, come, trib, trib.

*Exeunt*

*Scena Quinta.*

*Enter Falstaff, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, Evans, Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly, Slender, Fenton, Caius, Pistol.*

*Fal.* The Windsor-bell hath struck twelve: the Minute draws-on: Now the hot-blooded-Gods assist me: Remember Jove, thou was't a Bull for thy *Europa*, Love set on thy horns. O powerful Love, that in some respects makes a Beast a Man: in som other, a Man a beast. You were also (Jupiter) a Swan, for the love of *Leda*: O omnipotent Love, how near the God drew to the complexion of a Goose: a fault done first in the form of a beast, (O love, a beastly fault:) and then another fault, in the semblance of a Fowl, think on't (Jove) a fowl-fault. When Gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor Stag, and the fattest (I think) i'th Forest. Send me a cool rut-time (Jove) or who can blame me to piss my Tallow? Who comes here? my Doe?

*M. Ford.* Sir John? Art thou there (my Deer?)  
My male-Deer?

*Fal.* My Doe, with the black Scut? Let the sky rain Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Green-sleeves, hail-kissing Comfits, and snow Eringoes: Let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

*M. Ford.* Mistress Page is come with me (sweet hart.)

*Fal.* Divide me like a bri'b-d-Buck, each a Haunch: I will keep my sides to my self, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk; and my horns I bequeath your husbands: Am I a Woodman, ha? Speak I like *Herne* the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience, he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome.

*M. Page.* Alas, what noise?

*M. Ford.* Heaven forgive our sins.

*Fal.* What should this be?

*M. Ford.* *M. Page.* Away, away.

*Fal.* I think the divel will not have me damin'd, Lest the oil that's in me should set hell on fire: He would never else cross me thus.

*Enter Fairies.*

*Qui.* Fairies black, gray, green, and white, You Moon-shine revellers, and shades of night. You Orphan heirs of fixed destiny, Attend your office, and your quality. Crier Hob-goblyn, make the Fairy Oys.

*Pist.* Elves, list your names: Silence you airy toys. Cricket, to Windsor-chimnies shalt thou leap; Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept, There pinch the Maids as blue as Bill-berry, Our radiant Queen, hates Sluts, and Sluttery.

*Fal.* They are Fairies, he that speaks to them shall die, I'll wink, and couch: No man their works must eye.

*Ev.* Wher's *Bede*? Go you, and where you find a maid That ere she sleep has thrice her prayers said, Raise up the Organs of her fantasy,

Sleep she as sound as careless infancy,  
But those as sleep, and think not on their sins,  
Pinch them arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

*Qu.* About, about :

Search Windsor Castle (Elves) within, and out.

Strew good luck (Ouphs) on every sacred room,

That it may stand till the perpetual doom,

In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit,

Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.

The several Chairs of Order, look you scour

With juice of Balm ; and every precious flower,

Each fair Instalment, Coat, and sev'ral Crest,

With loyal Blazon, evermore be blest.

And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, look you sing

Like to the *Garters-Compass*, in a ring,

Th'expressure that it bears : Green let it be,

More fertile-fresh than all the Field to see :

And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Pence*, write

In Enrold-tuffs, Flow'rs purple, blue, and white,

Like Sapphire-pearl, and rich embroidery,

Buckled below fair Knight-hoods bending knee.

Fairies use Flow'rs for their charactery.

Away, disperse : But till 'tis one a clock,

Our Dance of Custom, round about the Oak

Of *Herne* the Hunter, let us not forget.

*Evan.* Pray you lock hand in hand : your selves in order set :

And twenty glow-worms shall our Lanthorns be

To guide our Measure round about the Tree.

But stay, I smell a man of middle earth.

*Fal.* Heavens defend me from that Welsh Fairy,  
Lest he transform me to a piece of Cheese.

*Pist.* Vild worm, thou wast ore-look'd even in thy birth.

*Qu.* With Trial-fire touch me his finger end :

If he be chaste, the flame will back descend

And turn him to no pain : but if he start,

It is the flesh of a corrupted hart.

*Pist.* A trial, come.

*Eva.* Come: will this wood take fire?

*Fal.* Oh, oh, oh.

*Qui.* Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire.

*About him (Fairies) siug a scornful rime,*

*And as you trip, still pinch him to your time.*

The Song.

*Fie on sinful phantasy: Fie on Lust, and Luxury:*

*Lust is but a bloody fire, kindled with unchaste desire,*

*Fed in heart whose flames aspire,*

*As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.*

*Pinch him (Fairies) mutually: Pinch him for his villany.*

*Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,*

*Till Candles, and Star-light, and Moon-shine be out.*

*Page.* Nay do not fly, I think we have watcht you now:  
Will none but *Herne* the Hunter serve your turn?

*M. Page.* I pray you come, hold up the jest no higher.  
Now (good *Sir John*) how like you *Windsor* wives?

See you these husband? Do not these fair yoaks  
Become the Forest better than the Town?

*Ford.* Now Sir, who's a Cuckold now?  
*Mr Broom, Falstaff's* a Knave, a Cuckoldly knave,

Here are his horns *Master Broom*:

And *Master Broom*, he hath enjoyed nothing of *Fords*, but his  
Buck-basket, his cudgell, and twenty pounds of money, which  
must be paid to *Mr Broom*, his horses are arrested for it, *Mr*  
*Broom*.

*M. Ford.* Sir *John*, we have had ill luck: we could never  
meet: I will never take you for my Love again, but I will  
always count you my Deer.

*Fal.* I do begin to perceive that I am made an Ass.

*Ford.* Ay, and an Ox too: both the proofs are extant.

*Fal.* And these are not Fairies:  
I was three or four times in the thought they were not Fairies,  
and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my

powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in despight of the teeth of all rime and reason, that they were Fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill employment.

*Evant.* Sir *John Falstaff*, serve Got, and leave your desires, and Fairies will not pinse you.

*Ford.* Well said Fairy *Hugh*.

*Evans.* And leave you your jealouzies too, I pray you.

*Ford.* I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

*Fal.* Have I laid my brain in the Sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too? Shall I have a Coxcomb of Frize? Tis time I were chok'd with a piece of toasted Cheese.

*Ev.* Seese is not good to give putter; your belly is all putter.

*Fal.* Seese, and Putter? Have I liv'd to stand at the taunt of one that makes Fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the Realm.

*Mist. Page.* Why Sir *John*, do you think though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given our selves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

*Ford.* What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of flax?

*Mist. Page.* A puft man?

*Page.* Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

*Ford.* And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

*Page.* And as poor as Job?

*Ford.* And as wicked as his wife?

*Evan.* And given to Fornications, and to Taverns, and Sack, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings and swearings, and starings? Pribles and prables?

*Fal.* Well, I am your Theme: you have the start of me, I am dejected: I am not able to answer the Welch Flannel, Ignorance it self is a plummet o'er me, use me as you will.

*Ford.* Marry Sir, we'll bring you to Windsor to one Mr *Broom*, that you have cozon'd of money, to whom you should

have been a Pander: over and above that you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

*Page.* Yet be cheerful Knight: thou shalt eat a posset to night at my house, where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her Mr *Slender* hath married her daughter.

*Mist. Page.* Doctors doubt that; If *Anne Page* be my daughter, she is (by this) Doctour *Caius* wife.

*Slen.* Whoa hoe, hoe, Father *Page*.

*Page.* Son? How now? How now Son, Have you dispatch'd?

*Slen.* Dispatch'd? I'll make the best in Glostershire know on't: would I were hang'd la, else.

*Page.* Of what son?

*Slen.* I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry Mistress *Anne Page*, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i'th Church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been *Anne Page*, would I might never stir, and 'tis a Post-masters Boy.

*Page.* Upon my life then, you took the wrong.

*Slen.* What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a Boy for a Girl: If I had been married to him, (for all he was in womans apparel) I would not have had him.

*Page.* Why this is your own folly, Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter, By her garments?

*Slen.* I went to her in green, and cried Mum, and she cried budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Post-masters boy.

*Mist. Page.* Good *George* be not angry, I knew of your purpose: turn'd my daughter into white, and indeed she is now with the Doctor at the Deanry, and there married.

*Cai.* Ver is Mistress *Page*: by gar I am cozoned, I ha married oon Garsoon, a boy; oon pesant, by gar. A boy, it is not *An Page*, by gar, I am cozened.

*M. Page.* Why? did you take her in white?

*Cai.* Ay be gar, and 'tis a boy : be gar, I'll raise all Windsor.

*Ford.* This is strange : Who hath got the right *Anne* ?

*Page.* My heart misgives me, here comes Mr *Fenton*.

How now Mr *Fenton* ?

*Anne.* Pardon good father, good my mother pardon

*Page.* Now Mistress :

How chance you went not with Mr *Slender* ?

*M. Page.* Why went you not with Mr Doctor, maid ?

*Fen.* You do amaze her : hear the truth of it.

You would have married her most shamefully,

Where there was no proportion held in love :

The truth is, she and I (long since contracted)

Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us :

Th'offence is holy, that she hath committed,

And this deceit loses the name of craft,

Of disobedience, or unduteous title.

Since therein she doth evitate and shun

A thousand irreligious cursed hours

Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

*Ford.* Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedy :

In Love, the heavens themselves do guide the state,

Money buys Lands, and wives are sold by fate.

*Fal.* I am glad, though you have tane a special stand to strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.

*Page.* Well, what remedy ? *Fenton*, heaven give thee joy, what cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

*Fal.* When night-dogs run, all sorts of Deer are chac'd.

*Mist. Page.* Well, I will muse no further : Mr *Fenton*,

Heaven give you many, many merry days :

Good husband, let us every one go home,

And laugh this sport o'er by a Country fire,

Sir *John* and all.

*Ford.* Let it be so (Sir *John* :)

To Master *Broom*, you yet shall hold your word,

For he, to night, shall lie with Mistress *Ford* :

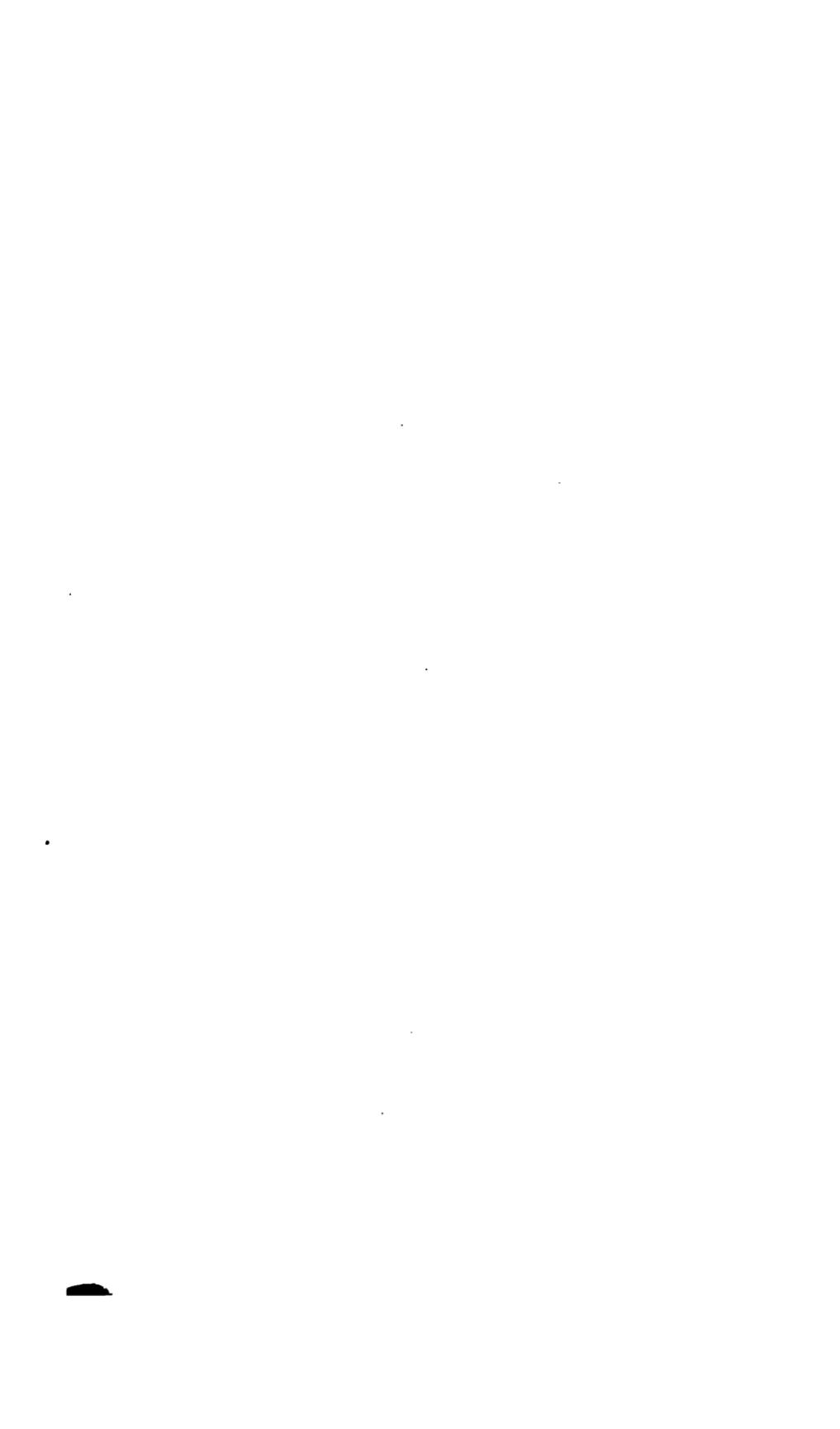
*Exeunt*

FINIS.

W.H.S.

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